# HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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THE MEMORY OF SEVENTY-SIX.—DRAWN BY W. S. L. JEWETT.—[SEE PAGE 434.]

## THE MEMORY OF SEVENTY-SIX.

PARDON an old man who was a soldier in his youth—
Who fought in Seventy-six—if he thinks that he lived, in truth,
In the Heroic Age of the Nation. For he knows no time so grand
As that of the Revolution—the Seed-time of the Land.
In *his* thought no later heroes have such bright laurels won,
That they should stand by the side of his peerless Washington.
No! The old battles were the greatest—the old heroes were the best!
So he clings to his rusty rifle, and recalls the martial zest
That moved him and his comrades, at Concord and Bunker Hill,
To meet and fight the British with firm, undaunted will.

His children have heard the story, and now *their* children hear:
One sits upon his knee; the others are gathered near,
One little maiden wearing the Continental hat,
While Charlie, thinking of "the Fourth," or inspired by Grandpa's chat,
Fashions his wooden sword—the ferocious little wight—
He wonders if the British would stand another fight!

It is a long, long story that the old soldier tells:
But the period upon which most lovingly he dwells
Is not that of final victory, but those hard days of the war—
Before the French came over, and when hope seemed very far—
The days of Seventy-six that tried the sternest men,
When the Patriots retreated, beaten again and again,
Driven out from Long Island and beyond the Delaware,
And encamped at Valley Forge in that winter of Despair!

"But what was the old war for?" asks Charlie, wonderingly.
"I will tell you in a word," answers Grandpa: "Liberty!
Liberty and Independence—harsh words to tyrants' ears—
At least to King George and his Lords they seemed so. For 't appears
That the lazy old Lords wasted so much of the people's moneys,
That they had to oppress their poor and e'en to tax the Colonies.
They tried to sell stamped paper, but their agents we sent home;
They voted a tax on teas and the products of the loom:
But the teas which they sent over were in Boston Harbor thrown,
And our citizens grew content with suits of plain home-spun.
Then the "Red-coats" came, and were quartered in the homes of the free-born,
And the blood of New England rose up, and her face was flushed with scorn.
It was not money we cared for, lad, we fought for the sacred truth:
And what like brutish insolence can touch the strength of youth!
The English were not all against us in this field of bloody work;
We found champions in brave Barry, in Chatham, and in Burke:
These were leaders of the people, to whom Liberty is dear;
And they helped us by their courage, speaking words of friendly cheer.
But Yorktown and Saratoga, and other victories won,
Taught Britain more than her statesmen, and so the work was done.
We gained our Independence by deeds and not by words—
Not through compromise, but courage and the strength of our true swords."

This is the old man's story; its moral is never too late:
That of LIBERTY, HONOR, COURAGE we should ne'er one jot abate.


# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1869.


## THE PARTIES.

THE Republican Conventions of Maine, Ohio, and Pennsylvania have lately made their various State nominations, and their action was of the kind that shows great party unanimity. The present Governors of the three States were renominated, and the manifesto of each Convention is mainly a resolution to hold fast by the *statu quo*. Upon the pending Fifteenth Amendment the Ohio and Pennsylvania Conventions are very emphatic, urging its ratification; while Maine having already ratified has sufficiently expressed its opinion. The other resolutions are very much what we suggested last week they were likely to be. The Maine Convention pronounced especially for the Legislative care and development of the resources of the State, and particularly of the ship-building interest, while Pennsylvania reaffirmed its adhesion to its protective resolution of 1866. The Ohio Convention forcibly arraigns the late General Assembly, in which the majority was Democratic. But none of them take any foolish position upon the English or Cuban questions. Indeed, the platforms are very discreet, and rather curiously free from Buncombe.

Simultaneously with the wise action of the Republican Conventions we have the pathetic hope from the Democratic journals that the managers of their party are about to show that sagacity which for many years they have not shown, and the prayer that some things may be considered settled even by a Democratic Convention. In the light of experience such a hope and prayer are wholly unreasonable. The instant that the Democratic party drops the appeal to ignorance and prejudice which the agitation of the negro question furnishes, the simple inquiry for every voter will be whether the Democratic party is likely to offer a more faithful treatment of the reconstruction policy, and a more generally economical and discreet administration than the Republican party. This is a question to be decided by experience and comparison, and it is one from which the Republican party will certainly not shrink.

It is difficult to speak of Democratic principles and policy; for what are they? Kentucky is a thoroughly Democratic State, because of the disfranchisement of part of the population, which is indeed a Democratic policy. But is there any thing in the condition of Kentucky that is so superior to that of Ohio, for instance, that the people of Ohio should wish to exchange? New York is an overwhelmingly Democratic city, and Chicago is Republican. Is Chicago anxious to fall into Democratic care? Do the people of Ohio and the citizens of Chicago suppose that their taxes would be lighter if they were delivered over to the supervision of Tammany and of Messrs. SWEENEY, TWEED, and HALL? Has the Democratic party, as such, ever been renowned for superior honesty and economy? Is the character of the great mass of its supporters such as to promise a higher tone in politics? Are the antecedents and training of the party such as to inspire confidence in its devotion to the principles that have triumphed in the war and at the polls?

The very appeals of which we have spoken answer all such questions. The most strenuous and excited exhorter to a change of the tactics of the Democratic party is the New York *World*. Yet, for obvious reasons, that paper is not a fair representative of the party, and is therefore not trusted, except with great reservation. However clever and sparkling its treatment of political questions may be, it is felt not to express the average feeling of the party. But its position is stronger than it was a year ago. Then it advocated a concession of certain settled points and the nomination of Mr. CHASE, with an anti-repudiating platform. In every point its advice was disregarded by the steady old managers, and the *World* had its revenge by seriously urging the party to change front at the very moment of the final charge. That advice, of course, recoiled upon it in the curses of its party leaders and associates; but as the rout of its party at the polls was prodigious, despite of the diligent frauds in this State, by which its candidate for Governor was apparently elected, the *World* had clearly gained the advantage of the position of I-told-you-so.

Notwithstanding this, however, the *World* this year goes no further than it went a year ago. It advises its party to assent to the colored vote since it can not prevent it, and to try to persuade some of the new voters to its own side. And it says that if the party can only gain power under the present system it can probably retain it; "so that, after a national victory, *the party may not deem it expedient to deprive the negroes of a franchise* which is found to be not incompatible with Democratic ascendency." It then proceeds to speak of recruiting hosts of former Republicans. But is there any Republican who supposes that the country, under the present circumstances, can gain by the ascendency of a party which "may not deem it expedient" to undo the whole work of reconstruction? Is there any conceivable advantage in intrusting the Government of the country to a party which opposed the war and reconstruction upon the principle of equal rights, and which will take into consideration whether that principle shall be set aside or not? So uncertain is this Democratic guerrilla of the sentiment of its party that it merely hopes the managers will not harness dead horses to the Democratic coach.

But if this party can not even now be trusted not to reopen the whole question of reconstruction, is there any especial reason why it should be trusted even if it declares in its Convention that it regards the question as settled? Is it, as we asked, a more economical party? Is the character of the men whom it has trusted with office hitherto such as to inspire confidence in those whom it may choose to call to position hereafter? Is the political career of Mr. HOFFMAN, for instance, from his proclamation as Mayor of the city making election frauds easy, to his signature as Governor of the State to the Erie bill, such as to persuade any voter who has hitherto distrusted him that he is worthy of confidence and support, or that he has the least part of that firmness which can resist questionable counsels? Or what is the Democratic financial policy except an outcry against taxation and incessant gibes at the Secretary of the Treasury? What is its position upon Free Trade? Wait, and see if the Pennsylvania Democratic Convention declares for it; or whether its cry is not still substantially "POLK, DALLAS, and the tariff of" any convenient year.

If the most elaborate slanders against every word and act of the President; if the most amusing air of affected pity for the weakness of the Cabinet, in which one member alone, the Attorney-General, outweighs in real force most of the latter Democratic Cabinets together; if the most industrious perversions and sneers could bring the Democratic party into power, its advent might be near. But it is only necessary for all honest voters to reflect that the leaders and the mass of that party are what they have been since 1860, and are the heirs of the old traditions, changing their expressions a little to suit the changed exigency of the times, to retain the dominant party in the ascendency which it has so honorably won, and which, upon the whole, it has thus far justified. Not in this generation can the great principles for which three hundred thousand brave men died upon the field of battle be safely committed to the hands of those who denounced the war, encouraged the rebellion, and supported the dogmas by which it was excused. Parties have deeper roots than temporary policies. But since immediate issues and considerations are always persuasive, let every earnest Republican take care that the character of the party does not suffer by any connivance of his.

## THE CUBAN CLOUD.

THE vigorous and decisive action of the Administration in dealing with the attempted violations of the laws of the United States meets with general approval. Indeed, the spectacle of the Government idly folding its hands and smiling at the fitting out of hostile expeditions against a friendly power while it was demanding compensation from England for doing the same thing would justly make us the scorn of the world. It is not a question of the justice or injustice of the relative position of Spain and Cuba. If we are to enter into every war upon the side which we consider just, we must withdraw from all treaties of amity and good neighborhood with other nations. But if, having neutrality laws, we propose to enforce them honestly until they are repealed, the Government is pursuing the course which is alone consistent with the honor of the nation.

One further step, however, should be taken. There are notorious and persistent efforts made in the city of New York and elsewhere to defy the authority and laws of the United States by fitting out hostile expeditions against a friendly nation. It is the duty, therefore, of the President to issue his proclamation warning offenders that that authority can not be defied with impunity, and exhorting all good citizens to vigilance. To recognize the independence of Cuba would be at least manly. To connive at the revolution, while affecting regard for the faith of treaties and for international comity, would be contemptible. The Administration by its local officers is diligently maintaining the authority of the United States, but there should be no opportunity left for cavilers.

Meanwhile there are two facts to be remarked; one is the continued haziness of all information from the island of Cuba, and the other is the evident want of active sympathy in the public mind of this country. That Cuba has been shockingly misgoverned, and that if she can secure her independence she may justly do so, is universally conceded; but that the condition and character of the people inspire any fervent expectation of great improvement in the island can not be asserted. Indeed, the original conviction that the movements of "sympathy" proceeded from the party of annexation, and that the consequence of Cuban independence will be annexation and a very needless and perplexing addition to our own cares and prospects, seriously chills the public sentiment in regard to the Cuban revolution. To this must be added the density of the cloud that envelops the island. An expedition arrives upon its shores, and we hope that intelligible communication is established, when, lo! it vanishes, and we are left to rumors no more satisfactory than before.

There is some kind of Cuban military headquarters somewhere, at which there is apparently the form of a civil government. A large part of the island is undoubtedly in sympathy with the revolution; and in that part, outside of the larger cities and towns, there is probably no government. Taxes are not collected, probably, either by the Spaniards or the Cubans, except in the form of forced loans. Courts of law of either party probably do not administer justice. The country is practically without civil administration, overrun by bands of guerrillas and marauders, which scatter at the approach of regular forces. Both parties are, of course, bitterly exasperated, and the war is really to the death. The Provisional Government of the Volunteers will soon yield to that of the new Governor-General; and we presume that foreign governments will take no action until that officer arrives and develops his policy.

The demand for recognition of the revolutionary government by the United States is plainly premature, for nobody will pretend that it exercises the functions of a government at any point accessible to us. Should the operations of the new Governor be baffled and the situation remain as it is, it would, however, become a question whether the concession of belligerent rights to the revolutionists might not be a duty as tending to a solution of the difficulty without involving our own neutrality. It is, however, a question. We have never thought it necessary to inquire into the merits of Mexican revolutions and to pronounce for one party against another; or even to recognize equal belligerent rights, although we were quite sure that a positive position might have enabled a result to be reached. The position in Cuba is, indeed, different, because it is not a civil war but a colonial revolution. But unless the United States intend to become a party to it, whatever their wishes and sympathies, they will properly await events. To concede belligerent rights to the revolutionists in Cuba would be, of course, the first step toward the recognition of Cuban independence. It is a concession which every nation reserves to its discretion and for the common welfare of nations. It is not to be made until the belligerent has acquired some kind of *de facto* sovereignty beyond mere control within its military lines. It is, indeed, a question of discretion in its truest sense, and will be so regarded, we may be sure, by the Administration.

## COTTON SUPPLY.

THE returns which occasionally reach us from the Government of India impart information of the difficulties attending the cultivation of cotton which is of great interest to the growers of it in the United States. The dream has been indulged in abroad that portions of British India are capable of producing an inexhaustible supply of cotton at prices which defy competition. Recent experience has shown that the Southern States of the Union, with a climate favored by sufficient heat to bring the plant to maturity, and with cold enough to destroy the root, and in their freedom from a regular rainy season, and from long continued and excessive heat, as well as from violent monsoons, possess advantages far superior to those of India.

The cultivation of cotton in the northwestern provinces of India derived its chief stimulus from the recent war in this country. Agra, one of the most important cities of the region, never had a cotton-press until the winter of 1862–63. One, a wooden press, was then erected; and the newness of the cultivation in that district may be inferred from the fact that a Parsee merchant of Indore, nearly four hundred miles off, carried his unpressed cotton to Agra, and after it was formed into bales, had not only to retraverse the road, but in order to reach Bombay, his port of shipment, carry it three hundred miles farther. Now, however, there are twenty-eight presses with iron screws in Agra alone, and they are scattered also in all important centres.

In 1862–63 the cotton grown in those provinces amounted to 114,000,000 pounds. In 1863–64, called the great cotton year, the quantity rose to 132,500,000, but in 1868–69 it fell to 44,137,840 pounds. The reason for this variation is thus given: "In 1867–68 prolonged and untimely rain injured the plant and destroyed the pods. In 1868–69 an opposite, but more fatal influence, prevailed...... the long suspension of rain." In 1867–68 the quantity of land thus cultivated in those provinces was 1,286,817 acres, and the yield only 58,115,120 pounds. In 1868–69 the number of acres under this cultivation was 890,383, and the yield only 44,137,840 pounds, or say 50 pounds per acre. The disparity between this yield and that of the cotton lands in the United States is very large, as our production from 6,600,000 acres, the supposed area under cultivation, is about 190 pounds per acre.

The cotton region of that portion of India of which Agra is now the commercial centre calls upon Great Britain for a railroad to connect Agra with Bombay, which is well situated on the western coast of the peninsula. With this aid successful competition with the United States is promised, notwithstanding the great difficulties of the Indian climate. The length of road to be built on an air line is about 670 miles, but as it deviates into Rajpootan and extends through a difficult country it will be long and expensive. A chief ground assigned for its construction is that most of the cotton raised in the northwest provinces now goes to Calcutta, on the eastern side of the peninsula, and that it needs to be transported by a long voyage around Cape Comorin; whereas Bombay lies on the west coast, and has between it and the Red Sea but one expanse of water, which is traversed by a straight line and at half the expense that attends the transportation from Calcutta. The opening of the Suez Canal, likely soon to take place, is urged as an additional motive for constructing the road to Bombay.

We lately showed that the region which sends its cotton by way of Calcutta called also for more railroad accommodation; and it is very evident that an enormous outlay is required to enable Great Britain to proceed satisfactorily in the policy of setting up a serious competitor of America. But the most curious recommendation which was pressed upon the Government of India was that of constructing wind-mills for purposes of irrigation—the southwest monsoon to be relied on as the power. It was expected that wells sixty feet deep would be dug on the high elevations intended for this purpose, and that water would be drawn from this depth and delivered into canals directed toward the cotton lands! This is part of the scheme for meeting the competition of the United States, which is favored with adequate rains, which knows no

parching of the surface, and which is well traversed with railroads. We are able to supply Great Britain with better cotton than India can produce, and at lower cost, and her efforts in that direction must result in failure, and particularly when the cotton district in the South comes into full harmony with the situation which the war produced.

Competition in the United States, except when peculiar circumstances exist, will ever keep the price of cotton sufficiently low to meet all the reasonable requirements of the English. Although the English manufacturer is now paying a high price for American cotton, it must be recollected that last year much of the English supply was obtained at half the present price, and that when the price rose last year the advantage was not at all shared by the planter, but wholly by others. There is much justice in the remuneration which the planter now enjoys. It covers his losses on the crop of 1867–68, and enables him to supply all the material which is required for an increased cultivation this season. The true interest of England lies in abandoning the vain attempt to build up a powerful competitor against us in India, and in increasing the crop in the United States up to the full measure which the manufacturing industry of the world requires. The cotton region of the United States is fully equal to this necessity, and wants only encouragement to accomplish the object. It will undoubtedly ultimately grow to these proportions without foreign aid.

The cotton season, which will terminate on the 1st of September, has undoubtedly been thus far unsatisfactory to manufacturers at home and abroad, and although cloth has been lower in proportion than raw cotton, and the most determined efforts have been lately made abroad to lower the price of American cotton, the effort has entirely failed; and hence the English Cotton Supply Association has been stimulated to unusual activity.

But although the planting interest in the United States at the opening of the season was advised to hold back the crop, so as to avoid the losses of the preceding year, and this policy has been adhered to, the combination of circumstances which made it successful will seldom occur. The crop, measured by the usual annual consumption of cloth, was small; but although the consumers are, as stated in a recent English circular, "careless and indifferent buyers," as they always are at high prices, "the producers of cotton, knowing the supply to be limited, are careless and indifferent sellers," and particularly as they knew that it was extremely difficult to stop the work of mills. The consumption of cloth has been limited on account of the drought abroad, which impaired the means of extensive populations, and partially in the West from diminished sales of grain in expectation of a foreign demand.

This limited consumption, coupled with a high price for raw cotton, has compelled many mills, both in England and in this country, to stop work or work on short time—a measure which could not be avoided; and hence the recent rise in cotton goods of this country. Bleached goods of low and medium grades advanced about 12½ per cent.; unbleached standard sheetings and shirtings about 15 per cent.; while at the same time raw cotton has advanced here about 14 per cent. The question is deeply interesting how the future will operate upon these points. It involves the extent of the new crop of cotton abroad and at home; the effect of the stoppage of numerous mills upon the raw material and upon cloth; and the power of consumers to purchase which depends on the success of all great industries, and upon the condition of the money market. It is prudent to wait for events instead of attempting to indicate the future of this trade.

One reason for the inability of England to control the price of our cotton this season is undoubtedly due to the powerful efforts made by her to put down the price of grain—an object which, unceasingly pursued, had withdrawn attention from cotton in which, in previous years, her victories have been easy. The benefit which the South derives from the advance in cotton will be in time shared by the whole country, which ought to rejoice in the return of that section to increased prosperity.

## THE FOURTH OF JULY.

If the Fourth of July is not celebrated in a more agreeable manner than usual the fault will not be that of Superintendent Kennedy, who issued an order requiring every member of the police to be on duty for the day, and to enforce the laws forbidding the discharge of fire-arms and the use of "snakes," "chasers," and "double-headers" in the streets. We heard, indeed, one young gentleman remark upon reading the Superintendent's order, that "presently there won't be any Fourth of July at all" if such prohibitions are to be allowed; but we suspect that the disappearance of the festival is more likely to be hastened than retarded by the free use of "double-headers." Instead of being the pleasantest, the Fourth of July is now in the city of New York the most intolerably disagreeable day in the year. It is the day which every body escapes who can, flying into the country to avoid the universal pop and whiz of gunpowder. But it is also the day when every body would prefer to remain quietly at home and enjoy the festival after a fashion suited to the season; and the order of Mr. Kennedy points to some such happy consummation.

This year the anniversary should have an especial interest, for the country is more profoundly at peace than ever before; a peace founded upon the great principles of the Declaration. Last year the day was desecrated by the assembling of a Convention of those who hoped to paralyze those principles a little longer, and to postpone the practical acknowledgment of the equal rights which the Declaration proclaims. And one of the chief causes of national congratulation at this time is that the American people rejected those reactionary counsels, and tranquilly persisted in the path of justice and liberty. While Mr. Johnson was President the contest was not decided. Indeed, had he been a man of any ability, he would most seriously have perplexed the prospects of peace in the country; for it has been evident for many years that there could be no peace until the government was planted upon the acknowledgment of the truth of the Declaration. Fortunately Mr. Johnson's mischievous hopes and intentions were wholly baffled. His administration served to arouse the people thoroughly, and when his political allies met to contrive the success of his plans, the response of the people was so vigorous and conclusive as to vindicate beyond question their acceptance not only of the truth, but of the immediate practicability, of the great principles of the Declaration of Independence.

For the first time, therefore, since the Declaration was published, it can be truly said that the American Government is fulfilling its intention. That it has reached its full scope we do not say; but it has now accomplished what makes the rest merely a question of time. For the first time we may truly affirm what Mr. Edward Everett tried to prove on the 4th of July, 1860—a year before Bull Run—the "success of our Republic." His oration is now but one of the illustrations and warnings with which our history is strewn. Mr. Everett proclaimed the success of the Republic at the very moment when the fundamental Republican principle was flagrantly violated, and on the very eve of a contest in which that success was to be vindicated at an appalling cost of life and money. In his whole discourse there was not a single word that indicated any consciousness of the actual situation; and in enumerating our weaknesses he does not even mention slavery. Mr. Everett lived to see the probable success of the Republic, and to help it during the tremendous struggle; but he died before the political victory had secured that of the battle-field.

But we who salute the rising sun of this Fourth of July have lived to behold the success of the Republic. We have lived to see it struggling at the same moment with military fury and party hate, and emerging reasonable and resolved. We have lived to see it establishing peace, not by proscription and vindictive severity, but by universal amnesty and the enlargement of liberty. And when the centennial anniversary of the Declaration dawns, may it be upon a land whose prosperity is as permanent as the justice upon which it is founded!

## FRENCH CÆSARISM.

The letter of M. De Persigny upon Cæsarism as the security of liberty is entirely French and very droll. Like every argument for despotism it assumes the question throughout. The late signs of disaffection to the empire are not due to the liberal concessions of the Emperor in allowing a questionable freedom of the press, but to the inconceivable weakness of the government, "which allowed a young lawyer to defy the empire." The tongue of a young lawyer, then, is powerful enough to shake the empire. Is that not a dangerous admission for our Cæsar? To allow free speech is weakness. The empire is strong, then, only when criticism is repressed. But is that a strong empire in these days which endures only by imposing silence?

"Without the terrible severity of Brutus and the indomitable courage of Publicola Roman liberty would have been stifled in its germ," says M. De Persigny, "and those who became the greatest people in the world would have remained forever ignored by History." This reminds us of our old Southern orators who, in the most absolute day of slavery, were constantly appealing to Roman and Greek precedents of liberty. M. De Persigny's argument is again fatal, for it implies that French freedom is to be a counterpart of that of Rome. The republican liberties of Rome were very different from modern republican liberty; but whatever they were they are certainly no precedent for an empire; and the imperial liberties of Rome are tolerably well understood. M. De Persigny thinks that France is the easiest country in the world to govern upon one condition; namely, that authority is always ready to repress the license that endangers liberty. The criticism or defiance of a young lawyer, for instance, is license which must be instantly repressed by authority. That is to say, whatever the Government, in other words, Louis Napoleon, does not like, is license; and license endangers liberty.

This is the mere repetition of the Austrian story of the last generation. Metternich had every advantage. There had been desolating wars, and Europe wanted peace. The Republican experiment in France had been a ghastly failure, and Republicanism had to bear the burden. The United States were obscure. England was in full reaction. The Austrians were utterly priest-ridden. The liberal sentiment in politics was never more depressed, and Metternich did what he would. With M. De Persigny he remembered Brutus and Publicola, and he firmly repressed the license that threatened the liberty of his doing what he chose. But it is another world in which Louis Napoleon undertakes to play Metternich's game. There are those who call him a sagacious man. But do such persons suppose that his dynasty is secure, or that his son will peacefully succeed to the crown? For seventeen years Louis Napoleon has contrived to balance himself upon the throne he erected. Has it any foundation in the faith or regard of the people? Marshal Bazaine declares that the army is devoted to the interests of the Napoleonic dynasty. But does the Emperor's commission authorize him to speak for the army?

What is sagacity in a man who aspires in this age to govern a civilized people as their Emperor? Is it not such a comprehension of the character of the people and the circumstances of their condition as will enable him to endear himself to them or to a powerful party of them as the best security of the liberties and interests of their country? No one will pretend that Louis Napoleon has ever held such a view. He made himself Emperor by the army. His policy has been flattery of the army and amusement of the mob. This is the very essence of Cæsarism in its lower form—of Cæsarism without a Cæsar. His imperial tenure is as sure as that of any of the Emperors of the Roman Decline, and no more. It is not a proof of sagacity in a man to hold a throne with an army, and in such a way that at the end of seventeen years his most devoted friend must say with De Persigny: "Nothing in the actual situation should disquiet a government firm and resolute." Such words at such a time are the *mene, mene*, of the empire.

## NON-AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

We have received a memorial addressed to the State Legislature and the school authorities by the German-American citizens of the city of New York; and we observe that there is to be a Convention of Irish-American citizens at Chicago on the 4th of July. There are some very excellent suggestions in the memorial, and the Convention, we trust, will acquit itself creditably. But what are the English-American citizens, and the French-American citizens, and the Spanish-American citizens doing in the mean while? Have they no suggestions to make or conventions to hold? Mr. John M. Moriarty, of Philadelphia, says that the independent Irish voters must look to the honor, the liberties, and the industries of America. But, pray, what have independent Irish voters to do with the liberties and industries of America? Those are the concern of American citizens; and nobody until he becomes an American citizen has any thing whatever to do with them. But when a man becomes an American citizen he is no longer an independent Irish voter—he is an independent American voter, and need not be ashamed of the name.

One of the most humiliating and ridiculous spectacles ever seen in this country was that of the Mayor of New York masquerading in a suit of green clothes upon St. Patrick's Day. It was "wearing the green" to please the "independent Irish voters." It was the worst kind of demagogy. It was pandering to a feeling that should never be officially recognized. For when the natives of other countries have renounced their political relation to those countries and have become Americans, it is their duty to accept their new political nationality, and to merge their political feelings and interests in those of the country they have chosen. It is an insult to the American people to attempt to influence a part of them as Irish-Americans or German or English-Americans. What we most need is homogeneity; and if the American people are to be drawn up into various camps of those of English descent and of Irish descent, of German descent and of all other nationalities, that cohesion and identification which are essential to a genuine American national life will be indefinitely delayed.

Moreover, the distinction is meaningless for any good purpose. The fact that certain citizens are of one or of another nativity does not make them a class with peculiar interests in this country. A man is not of liberal or reactionary tendencies in American politics because he was born in Ireland or Germany. All men born in France and naturalized in the United States are not, for that reason, free traders or protectionists. The interests that affect American citizens are independent of their birth-place. If an Irishman is naturalized here, it is his duty no longer to regard Ireland from an Irish or English but from an American point of view. His Irishism is an impertinence. If he volunteers advice as an Irishman he should be summarily informed that Americans can manage their own affairs. If he is not willing to be an American—very well, he may do as he will; but, although born in Ireland, he certainly can not be, like Mrs. Malaprop's Cerberus, three gentlemen at once. A convention of "independent Irish voters" sitting in Chicago and discussing American politics is preposterous. Why don't independent Irish voters discuss Irish politics in Ireland? When independent American voters wish to confer upon subjects of common political interest they do not assemble in Europe, but in America; and we advise Irish voters to reflect upon the great advantage of such a method.

Indeed, until an Irishman or any body born in another country is not willing to cease to be an Irish voter and become an American voter, why is he naturalized in this country, and why does he become an American voter? For social and sentimental purposes he may very well retain the habits and associations of his native land, as for charitable purposes there is a Society of the Sons of New England in New York, and a Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, and a St. George's Society, and a St. David's Society in the same city. But the Sons of New England are not known as New English-American citizens. If they were they would laugh at themselves. Politically they are American citizens only; and that is a name which needs no qualification.

## WE TWO.

By JEAN INGELOW.

It's we two, it's we two, it's we two for aye,
All the world and we two, and Heaven be our stay.
Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny bride!
All the world was Adam once, with Eve by his side.

What's the world, my lass, my love—what can it do?
I am thine, and thou art mine, life is sweet and new.
If the world have missed the mark, let it stand by,
For we two have gotten leave, and once more we'll try.

Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny bride!
It's we two, it's we two, happy side by side.
Take a kiss from me thy man; now the song begins,
"All is made afresh for us, and the brave heart wins."

When the darker days come, and no sun will shine,
Thou shalt dry my tears, lass, and I'll dry thine.
It's we two, it's we two, while the world's away,
Sitting by the golden sheaves on our wedding-day.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### NEWS ITEMS.

Adolphe Borie, the Secretary of the Navy, has resigned, and George M. Robeson, Attorney-General of New Jersey, has been appointed to fill his place in the Cabinet.

General Butterfield has been appointed Assistant Treasurer of New York.

Governor Chamberlain, of Maine, was, June 24, renominated by the Republican Convention of that State for a fourth term.

Governor Geary, of Pennsylvania, has also been renominated.

The match game of base-ball between the Amherst and Williams Colleges was won by the former by 28 to 21. On the 26th Williams was also beaten by Harvard, 45 to 8.

The Statistical Record of the Government Bureau shows that in thirteen years, ending with 1868, over two and a half millions of Europeans emigrated to this country, the greater number coming from the British Isles.

The receipts for the five days of the Boston Peace Jubilee amounted to $413,000. As the expense was $312,300 the profits amounted to $110,700. Mr. Gilmore has been presented with a house and lot worth $25,000, and a purse of $50,000.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

Warlike operations, at least on a large scale, seem to have been suspended in Cuba. The ranks of both armies have suffered extraordinary mortality from cholera and dysentery. The Volunteers have of their own accord given up Moro Castle and Fortress Cubanas to the naval forces, and propose to render allegiance to the new Captain-General De Rodas, who was expected at Havana on the 27th of June.

In the Spanish Cortes, June 26, the Republican members were warned that their presence in the Chamber was permitted as an act of patriotism, but they could not be tolerated as the accomplices in a scheme for building up a republic; that the present condition of affairs could not long continue, as it would become necessary to repress the people, or anarchy would result.

Count Von der Goltz, the Prussian Minister to France, died at Berlin, June 24, of cancer in the mouth.

In the Royal Thames Yacht Club race from Dover Pier to Cherbourg, the schooner *Guinivere*, of the Royal Yacht Squadron, gained the victory. The course run was 180 miles.

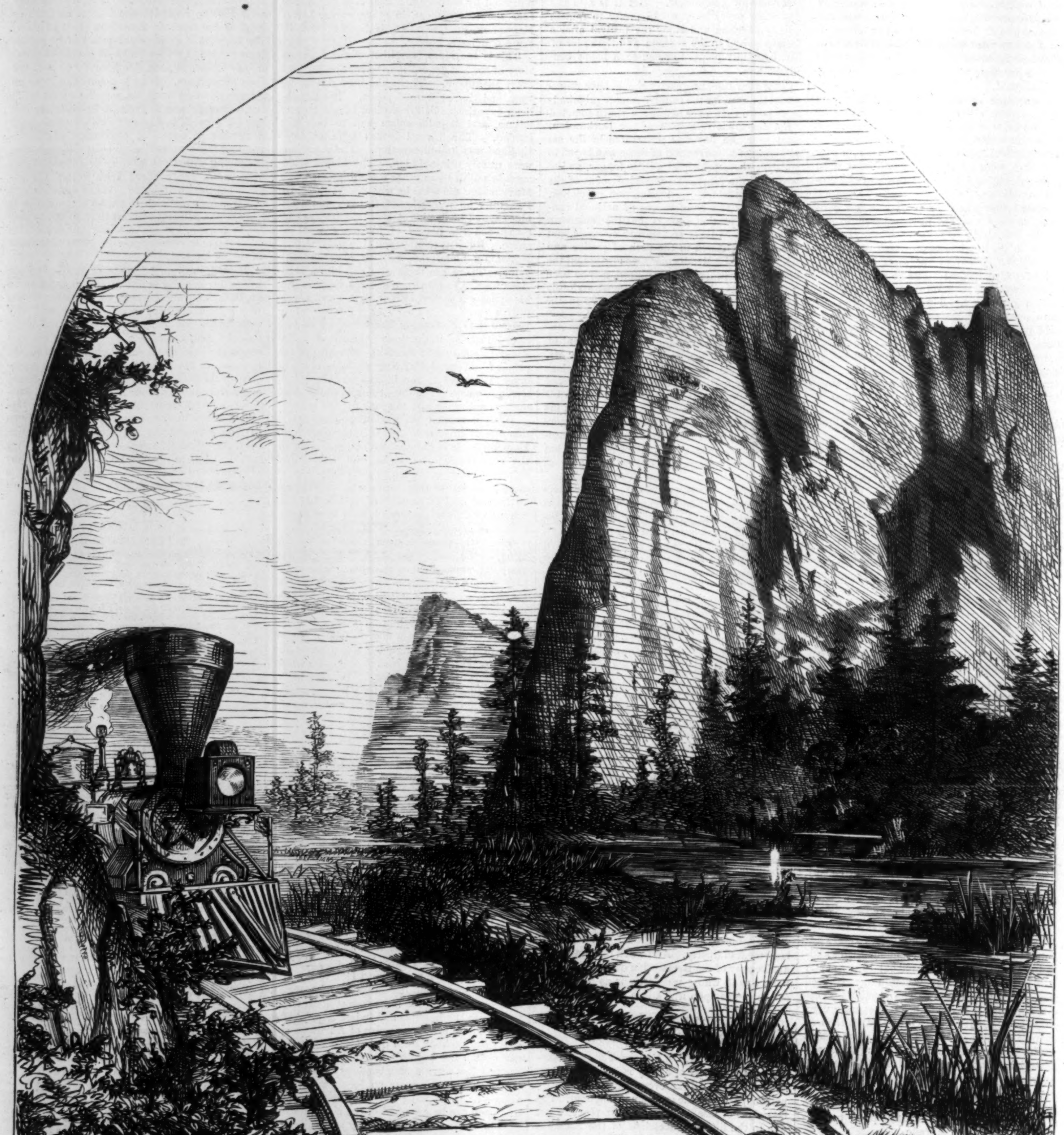
The French soldiers at the Camp of Chalons celebrated the anniversary of the battle of Solferino on June 24. Marshal Bazaine, in presenting to the Emperor the soldiers who took part in the battles of Solferino and Magenta, said: "Your soldiers recall the day you led them to victory. The glorious anniversary shall never be effaced from our hearts. Under all circumstances they remain devoted to your dynasty." The *Journal Officiel*, in its report of the Emperor's speech, gives the following version of the concluding words: "Continue in the same course, and you will always be worthy of so great a nation, and will maintain the military spirit necessary for a great people."

The *Great Eastern* has had uninterrupted success in paying out the new Atlantic cable from Brest. On June 25 it was reported 377 miles from Brest, and 406 miles of cable had been paid out.

Advices from Port-au-Prince, Hayti, report that on the 12th of June President Salnave, after bombarding Aux Cayes forty-eight hours, landed 800 men, and assaulted the fortifications. He carried the forts, but the insurgents rallied, recaptured their works, and killed or captured over half of Salnave's force.

Fourteen English artisans have recently sailed to this country to enter Cornell University. They were given a public breakfast at London before their departure, Lord Houghton presiding.

Katataski has been appointed Minister from Russia to the United States, and has been instructed to convey to President Grant the Emperor's congratulations.




"ALL HAIL AND FAREWELL TO THE PACIFIC RAILROAD."
—WENDELL PHILLIPS.

## THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

OUR full-page cartoon on the Pacific Railroad, by Mr. THOMAS NAST, is based upon a philippic recently uttered by Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS. The best explanation which we can give of our illustration, perhaps, is to give a copy of this philippic:

### THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

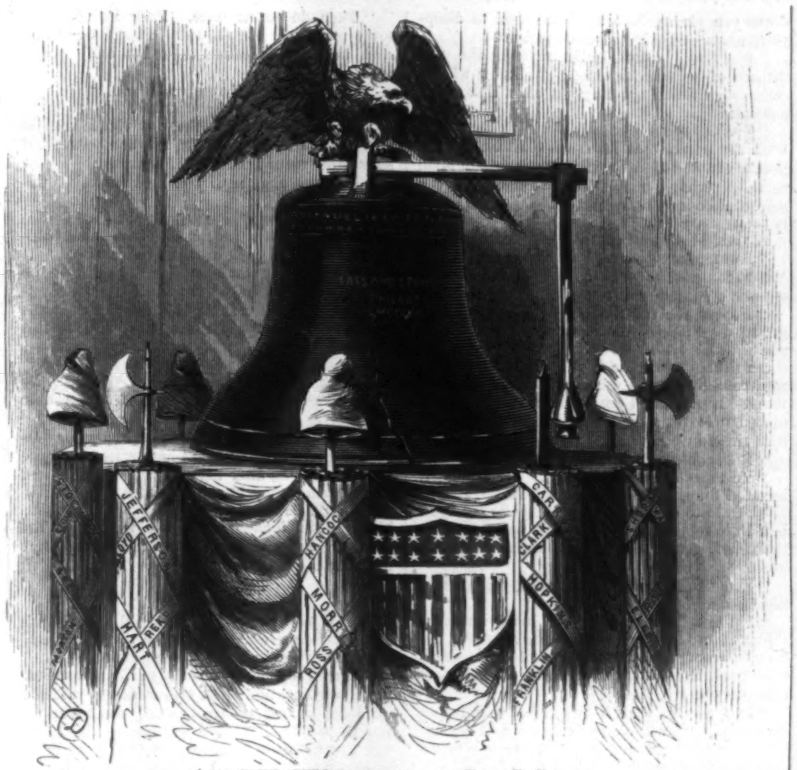
*All Hail and Farewell to the Pacific Railroad!* The telegraph tells us that the Indians have begun to tear up the rails, to shoot passengers and conductors on this road. We see great good in this. At last the poor victim has found the vulnerable spot in his tyrant. "Thank God America has resisted," cried Lord CHATHAM. Our feeling is the same. For seventy years and more the Indian has begged this great nation to attend to his wrongs. His cries have been unheard. Ruthless and unheeding we have trampled him down. To-day the worm turns and stings us.

Last year Indians destroyed locomotives and shot conductors. Timid DURANT forbade the telegraph wires to report the fact. He trembled for his road. To-day fifteen thousand warriors on the war-path—a thousand miles of exposed road; this railway the pet plaything of the American people! Would our words could reach every Indian chief. We would tell him, lay down your gun, but allow no rail to lie between Omaha and the mountains. "The accursed code" is O'CONNELL's best weapon, said SHEIL. The Pacific Railway is the *Indians' Alabama*. Every blow struck on those rails is heard round the globe. *Haunt that road with such dangers that none will dare use it.*

Some men may think us needlessly aggressive. No, citizenship, they may say, would be a better remedy. Yes, by-and-by. At present citizenship means little. Heaven forbid we should betray the Indian to such protection as "citizenship" gives to the Georgia negro and loyalist. No, we are thankful the Indian has one defense that the negro never had. He is no citizen and has the right to make war. Well may he use that last right, and never yield it till "citizenship" means more than it does now.

*An Abolitionist may well glory in these Red men.* When, in 1865, General SANBORN carried to the Seminoles the news of emancipation, they instantly set their slaves free. But, more just than we, they proceeded at once to divide their possessions with them fairly; shared with them their pension-money, and, last winter, in Washington, were specially earnest to secure such a teacher as these emancipated men would prefer. When two or three years ago SHERMAN's Commission met the Indians, the Navajoes refused to come into conference unless their women could be admitted on equal terms with themselves to share the debate. Could these men be persuaded to undertake, for a few years to come, the task of reconstruction! What a saving of time! What a saving of honor!

Earnestly do we wish that this nation could rise to the level of once doing an act of justice from pure and simple motives of honesty and duty. But it does not seem as if this level would ever be reached in our day. In default of that we rejoice to see the nation scourged to its duty. Long and weary were the years of blood and misfortune that finally broke us into willingness to emancipate the black. May our stubbornness yield sooner and easier in this matter of the Indians! It seems probable. By the time Congress assembles again we think its members will be ready—as they never have been—to *listen* on this topic. The sad and ponderous documents stored in the Capitol will at last be read; and we shall learn that a nation, *by its own confession* always in the wrong, must seek some other path out of its troubles than by sending butchers to waste treasure and blood in the vain effort to "exterminate" a braver race than ours. We spent a hundred millions really—fifty confessedly—to "exterminate and remove" the Seminoles from Florida. But there are everglades in Florida to-day where no white man enters, and which the Seminole still holds. If this be the case in Florida with a thousand Seminoles, how likely are we to "exterminate" twenty thousand such, spread over the boundless West? SHERMAN is bartering the glories of Atlanta for defeat, utter and shameful and well-deserved, on the prairies.



"LIBERTY BELL."—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

## "LIBERTY BELL."

THIS bell originally hung in the belfry of Independence Hall, Philadelphia. It is still in that Hall, but not in the steeple; it rests upon a dais, as shown in our cut. BENSON J. LOSSING, in his "Field-Book of the Revolution," thus describes this sacred relic:

"It is four feet in diameter at the lip, and three inches thick at the heaviest part. Its tone is destroyed by a crack which extends from the lip to the crown, passing directly through the names of the persons who cast it. An attempt was made to restore the tone by sawing the crack wider, but without success; the melody of the 'glory-breathed tone' that thrilled the hearts of the people on the birthday of the nation could not be reawakened. The history of this bell is interesting. In 1752 a bell for the State House was imported from England. On the first trial-ringing after its arrival it was cracked. It was recast by PASS & STOW, of Philadelphia, in 1753, under the direction of ISAAC NORRIS, Esq., the then Speaker of the Colonial Assembly.......Upon fillets around its crown, cast there twenty-three years before the Continental Congress met in the State House, are the words of Holy Writ: 'Proclaim liberty throughout all the land and unto all the inhabitants thereof.' How prophetic! Beneath this bell the representatives of the thirteen colonies 'proclaimed liberty.' Ay, and when the debates were ended, and the result was announced, on the 4th of July, 1776, the iron tongue of that bell first 'proclaimed liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof,' by ringing out the joyful annunciation for more than two hours; its glorious melody floating clear and musical as the voice of an angel above the discordant chorus of booming cannon, the roll of drums, and the mingled acclamations of the people."

We give, on the same page with our illustration of "Liberty Bell," a representation of the

BRITISH TROOPS FIRING ON THE CITIZENS OF BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1775.—[FAC-SIMILE OF AN OLD ENGRAVING BY PAUL REVERE.]

firing of the British troops upon the citizens of Boston, early in 1775. Our illustration is from a picture drawn and engraved by the illustrious PAUL REVERE, who has been made immortal in LONGFELLOW's celebrated poem.

The scene occurred in what is now known as State Street, Boston. The British soldiers had conducted themselves with insolence, and had killed a number of citizens; and a mob had gathered together to avenge themselves upon the troops. In the conflict which followed ATTUCKS, a mulatto, was killed. Three other citizens were killed, also, five dangerously wounded, and a few slightly hurt. This was before the Revolution had fairly been entered upon; but it furnishes an indication of the excitement which prevailed in our large cities on account of the uncalled for presence of foreign troops sent from England to insult and oppress Americans.

## AUNT MONEYPENNY'S WILL.

### I.

ONE sultry August evening, not many summers ago, a young man leaped from the train at Scatterton, and started with a brisk step for the house of his aunt Griselda Moneypenny, which stood upon the hill overlooking the village. Being compelled to cross a stile and take a short cut through a strip of woods, our young traveler nearly alighted upon a bunch of arbutus, which in the freshness of this sombre glade bloomed thus tardily in the season. He instinctively gathered his long legs up and trod upon the other side, then, stooping, picked up the trailing branch and sniffed it gratefully. Not that he was a botanist, or for that matter knew one plant from another; but he took a sensuous delight in any thing beautiful. He enjoyed the balmy air, the faint breeze that rustled the leaves over his head; and the birds twittering melodiously about him delighted his eye with their color, his ear with their song.

And yet to look at him you would not believe he would care for flowers or birds. He was tall and rather ungainly; his hands and feet were large and not particularly shapely; but his face, in spite of his bushy red eyebrows, broad mouth, tanned and freckled skin, was a winsome one—for under the eyebrows gleamed a pair of blue eyes, honest and merry, and at times shining tenderly like a woman's. Then the lips were well-cut, the teeth firm and white. Descriptions are lame in a case of this kind; but I still maintain that, even in outward appearance, there was something very winning about John Moneypenny.

It was nicer in every way to walk through the old orchard on the left of the house, and skirt around the kitchen-garden to the path that led by the porch. By this means he could avoid the dust of the road, and revel in the sweet breath of the clover that grew knee-high in spots he had known from his earliest boyhood. Then it was something delightful to see the gnarled old branches, laden with their knotty but delicious fruit, and gather in with huge draughts all these delights to cheer his city-burdened soul.

But in taking this vagabond pleasure he found himself suddenly under the bay-window, and heard distinctly his name uttered in a tone of contempt that arrested his footsteps.

"John Moneypenny!" said a fresh, girlish voice. "A red-haired monster! An awkward, freckled lout! You can not be in earnest, Aunt Griselda—you can not mean what you say!"

"But I do, my dear," replied a voice, harsh and sardonic, that John knew was that of his aunt. "It has been a pet scheme of mine for years. However, I have always craved perfect liberty for myself—it would therefore be inconsistent to deny it to others. Act your pleasure, my dear; only if you'll take the advice of an old woman you'll 'make hay while the sun shines.' I feel premonitory symptoms in the back of my head at times, and a dull trembling in my limbs, and you know they said another stroke would finish me."

"But, aunt," cried the young girl, and John climbed upon the lower branch of a tree that commanded a view of the sitting-room, "is it possible you would thrust me upon the world penniless because I refuse to marry a man that is repulsive to me?"

John now could gaze into the room at his ease, and remarked that his cousin Isabel, who had grown out of all reason, and ripened suddenly into a wonderfully beautiful creature, was tearing into atoms a lace handkerchief, beating upon the carpet impatiently with her little, arched foot, and darting lightning glances from her brilliant eyes upon the composed figure of his aunt, who, seated in her arm-chair, pared with a silver knife an exceedingly ripe and luscious peach, and smiled urbanely upon her agitated niece.

"Could you," repeated Isabel, "after rearing me for a life of luxury, condemn me to drag out my days in poverty, without a friend in the world?"

"No, Isabel; if you were not so impatient you would recognize the justice and forethought of my decision. I would secure you such a friend, girl, as is seldom given to a weak, vain creature like yourself."

"But suppose I refused such a friend; suppose I even hated the sound of his name?"

"Well, considering his name is the same as mine and your own, my dear, I think your remarks are, to say the least, offensive."

"I do hate the name of Moneypenny, despise it, loathe it! To marry a creature like that, without even changing one's name—oh, aunt," she added, pleadingly, "I will not believe you—you surely care a little for me!"

"I have told you," replied her aunt, coldly, "it is my care for you impels me to this decision; besides, I have a little fondness for the name you mentioned, and naturally desire that what little I have shall be used for its benefit. But you must do as you please, Isabel. I am used to disappointments—only improve the present."

"But how?" asked Isabel, raveling the very threads of her handkerchief. "I know what I can not and will not do; but after that I am powerless."

"Well," replied her aunt, draining the nectar from her peach, "as far as an old woman's assistance can be of any avail, you may count upon mine. Perhaps, under the circumstances, you might make a more agreeable connection; there is young Lascelles!"

A vivid blush burned upon Isabel's cheek.

"Aunt Moneypenny," she cried, suddenly, "how can you torment me so? You know he is perfectly indifferent to me."

"I know the few times I have been able to get to the church young Lascelles has devoured you with his eyes. God forgive me for noticing these things at such a time; but old Newell is so dreadfully prosy I was compelled to do something. Every time I got a crick in my neck and turned it to get a little ease I found Lascelles's eyes riveted upon you!"

"But, aunt, he hasn't been here for a month."

"You mean inside the doors. He has fairly haunted the grounds; and really, Isabel, I think he's afraid to come in; my manner to strangers is a little repelling, and you are not outwardly the timid, gentle creature we know so well at home."

"You think, then," said Isabel, "that if—" She hesitated.

"I think," interrupted her aunt, abruptly, "that if you manage your cards properly you may be mistress of the De Vigny estate. Why, how your eyes sparkle! What a mercenary creature you are, Isabel!"

"It is not his fault if he's rich," said Isabel, demurely. "I will confess that his delicacy and refinement are pleasing to me. I have a fastidious horror of any thing rough or rude."

"They do say," remarked her aunt, "that he puts his hair up in papers every night. You see, he can't have it frizzed or curled with an iron, because it injures the hair; and after all the young man is right, for baldness is in the family. Perhaps that was one reason old Lascelles's brains were so completely addled. I do not say, Isabel, that idiocy is hereditary in the family; what I alluded to was baldness."

At that moment a heavy step was heard upon the porch, and the door shook in the grasp of a large and awkward hand.

"There's John," said the old lady, eagerly extending both hands to the new-comer. "Why, you are late for this train. Do you recognize your cousin Isabel?"

John grasped warmly the whole hand of his cousin, who had merely extended to him the tips of her fingers, and with one fleeting glance devoured the face of the young girl. Hair, eyes, nose, lips, all was comprehended in that beam from his blue eyes. Then he turned to his aunt.

"I came through the orchard," he said, "and stopped to have a look at the old pippins. Do you remember how many pantaloons came to grief in my climbing that old tree?"

"Ay, indeed," replied his aunt, while Isabel, dismayed at this vulgarity, glided out of the room. "But you haven't dined, have you? I gave you up at half past six."

"If you'll let me help you eat a few of those peaches, aunt, I can get along till bedtime."

"Help yourself," said Miss Moneypenny, pushing the fruit toward her nephew, and looking beamingly upon him. "How well you look! My idea of what a man should look like," she added, with an emphasis that John well understood.

"Chacun à son goût," said John, burying half of a peach in his huge mouth; "it's not every one that's so easily suited."

"No," replied Miss Moneypenny, with a frown; "I suppose you haven't the least idea what I wanted of you, John?"

"Well," to tell the truth, aunt, I thought that in your dear old heart you felt that I needed a holiday; and just now the place was looking seducing enough to keep me here for a while, if you could only get me away from the city."

"You thought nothing of the kind, John Moneypenny! You know I never shilly-shally about any thing. I felt a few of the old symptoms creeping over me, and thought there might be such a thing as my giving out."

"God forbid!" cried the young man, earnestly.

"And I wanted you to come out and make love to Isabel, so that you could marry her immediately if any thing should occur."

"Why, Aunt Griselda, do you remember a conversation we had before Isabel came back from her step-mother's? I told you if I could ensnare the affection of my employer's daughter my fortune would be made."

Miss Moneypenny burst into a sardonic laugh.

"I may as well keep quiet," she said, "and die as soon as possible. You wouldn't suppose now, John, would you, that a poor old paralytic like me could cling with such tenacity to a few notions of honor and sincerity?"

"I know," replied John, coming around to her chair, and taking her withered hand in his, "that you will trust your boy to do what is right, and not believe him capable of a meanness."

"You love this woman, then, John?"

"I fear I do, aunt."

"Fear! What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that I love her against my reason; I love her, though I know it is simple madness to do so."

"Well, at all events," said the old lady, with a contented sigh, "I'm glad you love her—glad to hear something in the foolish, old-fashioned way before I die. You'll get her, never fear, if you've made up your mind to it."

"But I don't know that I have made up my mind to it, aunt."

"Then do so, at once. Poor Isabel! I'm sorry for her, I am indeed. That Lascelles is such an empty-headed ass; but she's prejudiced."

"Against red hair and freckles, aunt?"

"Yes; but how did you know?"

"I thought so from the way she looked at me." John looked a little sad and grave, but Miss Moneypenny answered, abruptly:

"What matters it, if you love the other woman?"

A clear, sweet note fell upon their ears, then a few chords upon the piano—Isabel had commenced to sing in the drawing-room.

"You can wheel me through the hall into the drawing-room, John, if you will. I always listen to Belle a while at night. I find I sleep the better for it. Stay, you are sure you love this woman?"

"Yes, aunt; but why?"

"Well, I had decided to send you away by the early train in the morning—but in that case you may as well stay."

If Miss Moneypenny slept the better for Isabel's singing, it seemed that her nephew slept the worse; for long after his aunt was snoring, and Isabel wandering in dream-land, poor John tossed and tumbled, and finally arose, dressed himself, and looked out of the window at the stars. Star-gazing and John Moneypenny! Singular conjunction!

### II.

A FEW weeks after John's arrival at his aunt's house at Scatterton Isabel arose rather early and assisted her aunt in her morning toilet.

"Isabel, my dear," said the old lady, continuing a conversation which had evidently ruffled a little the temper of her niece, "don't tear the few wisps of hair I have left out by the roots; you can not drag the realization of your hopes from my poor scalp. I tell you the man is simply lazy."

"And I tell you," replied the girl, touching more lightly the gray hairs of her aunt, "that he is an idiot!"

"Oh, I hope not!" interrupted her aunt, seriously.

"How literal you are, aunt," said Isabel, brushing again vigorously. "I don't mean, of course, that he is an absolute fool; but yesterday we went out to the summer-house, and he begged me to bring a book and read to him, speaking in the most delicate manner of my talent in that way. I commenced 'Elaine,' and he threw himself at my feet in the most graceful attitude, fixing his great dark eyes upon mine, as if drinking in every syllable that I uttered. I became interested in my reading as I usually do, and in the knights' interview with the queen I raised my voice; a movement at my feet arrested my attention. De Vigny was just opening his eyes—he had been asleep!"

"Well, in this case," said the old lady, "I can't say I blame him. Your voice when singing or reading is the most soothing thing in the world—there is a sort of magnetic power about it."

"An excellent soporific!" said Isabel, sarcastically.

"A very good quality for a voice," replied her aunt. "When you have learned the value of sleep you will appreciate the compliment. I know a voice so shrill and rasping it sets my teeth upon edge to think of it."

"You mean De Vigny's, aunt; and as I am compelled to endure him you might make it as pleasant for me as you can."

The old lady cast an appealing glance upward.

"How ungrateful you are, Isabel! Haven't I been a martyr to your interests? Haven't I sat hour after hour and listened to his description of his guinea-pigs? Haven't I even endured the twang of his guitar? and upon that night you and John pretended to get lost I fell asleep out of sheer exhaustion several times; and just when my poor tired brain began to get quiet, young Lascelles would break into a shrill remark, almost causing me to leap out of my chair. At last I begged of him to go in search of you, protesting I was fearfully uneasy. The moment he was gone I fell back, completely worn out, and never moved till you returned. Soporific! It's well you've no nerves, child, or you'd be in your grave a twelvemonth after you were married to Lascelles!"

"What a delicious night that was!" murmured Isabel, a soft dreamy light stealing into her eyes. "John and I had been walking—miles, I think—just to get a glimpse of the water. Climbing over rocks and hollows, through bushes and briers, we made our way. When we reached a spot that I could not cross, John fairly picked me up in his arms and carried me over—"

"Hum-m!" murmured the old lady.

"He is the dearest cousin in the world!" said Isabel, boldly; then added, plaintively, "You know, aunt, I never had a brother."

"Nor sister," said her aunt. "I don't believe you remember your mother; why not mourn the loss of your female relatives?"

"Because, aunt," replied Isabel, coaxingly, "you have sufficed me for all of these; and John, too, poor fellow, he told me that night you were the only one that loved him in the world. I think," added Isabel, scornfully, "that young lady must be very difficult to please."

"Because she don't get enamored of 'a red-haired monster,' an 'awkward freckled lout!'"

"You know when I spoke in that hateful way I hadn't seen John for years."

"Oh, then, he ripened into an Apollo while you were separated!"

"No, but he is so brave and yet so gentle—so winning and genial. There is such a touching, chivalric courtesy in his manner, like one of the old knights we read about. And then when his face is lighted up by that rare smile of his, it becomes almost handsome—"

"Hum-m!" murmured the old lady. Isabel started; a bright color mounted to her brow, and having finished her aunt's toilet, she went out of the room.

The evening of that day John returned from a fishing excursion; and as he passed the drawing-room window the tableau within caused him to pause and glance again. Isabel, dressed simply in white with a single rose in her hair, played a little symphony upon the piano. By her side, and bending a little over her, was the slight figure of Lascelles. Dressed elaborately, his hair parted carefully down the middle, a soft flush mantling in his cheek, he would have made quite a pretty woman. His foot, beating the measure upon the floor, scarcely looked larger than Isabel's, and his little white hand fluttered over the music unceasingly. Presently Isabel threw her head back and gave a little preparatory cough; then young Lascelles, taking a languishing attitude, and gathering his face into a mincing expression, which caused a wrinkle of merriment to linger about John's lips, sang in a shrill tenor, which soared far above Isabel's contralto:

"My bonnie lass she smileth
When she my heart beguileth,
Fa, la, la.
Smile less, dear love, therefore,
And you shall love me more.
Fa, la, la."

At the conclusion of this verse of the madrigal John cast his eyes upon the figure of his aunt, and the wrinkle of merriment expanded into a smile. The old lady sat perfectly erect in her chair by the window, and held, with untiring tenacity, a hand upon each ear, while an expression of exasperated exhaustion shadowed her face.

John leaped upon the portico, and softly raising the French window, looked in. Miss Moneypenny's eyes lighted up when she saw her nephew, and she held out her hands entreatingly.

"Wheel me out upon the balcony," she whispered.

John did as he was requested, and gave but one little glance at the further end of the drawing-room, where Isabel, unconscious of John's arrival, sat upon the piano-stool and listened, with bowed head and fingers busily engaged in picking the rose to pieces, to the shrill whisper of Lascelles:

"Cruel charmer! Had you given the rose to me, I would have cherished it forever."

"Shut the window, in Heaven's name," cried Miss Moneypenny; and John pulled down the sash, catching one lightning glance from Isabel's eye.

"I can't stand it," said the old lady. "I'm not so strong as I thought; and that Lascelles will be the death of me! I feel it in my bones!"

"He seems a good-natured little chap," said John, condescendingly.

"Oh, I've no doubt he means well," replied Miss Moneypenny; "and for Isabel's sake I have endeavored to do my best; but endurance has its limits, John; and Lascelles's voice is one of the things that I can not stand. It's bad enough when he talks; but when he sings it really is the most penetrating, rasping thing imaginable! They are quiet now, thank God, or that glass window would no more keep out the sound than a sheet of paper. Then, it's exasperating to me to look at him! He's commenced to wear a cambric handkerchief around his neck—he'll soon wear a ribbon about his curls."

"I'm afraid you'll take cold out here in the night-air," said John; and taking off his linen coat, he wrapped it around his aunt.

"And you never take cold!" she said, grasping his hand and pulling him down by her side. "You know nothing of sickness, great, strong giant that you are."

"A little heart-sick sometimes," said John, with an involuntary glance at the window.

"Your skin used to be fair as a baby's when you were quite a lad," murmured the old lady, stroking his brow.

"Are you thinking of the obnoxious freckles, aunt?" inquired John, a little bitterly.

"If I could only have prevailed upon you to wear a sun-bonnet," she replied; then added, abruptly, "If you'll wheel me in, I'll go to bed!"

"And so will I," said John, wheeling his aunt through the hall and into her sitting-room.

"Now, if you'll call Abigail," said the old lady, taking John's hands again in her own, and pressing them warmly, "you may go where you please."

"God bless you, dear aunt!" said John, going out upon the balcony. He was just in time to see Lascelles kiss Isabel's hand, and declare that she had rendered him very happy. Turning suddenly, he found Isabel by his side, and raising an animated, beautiful face to his.

"Where did you get all those splendid fish?" she said. "I wish I had gone with you."

"Weren't you better employed?" said John, with a sarcastic smile.

The color deepened in Isabel's cheek.

"I suppose it would be troublesome to take a woman with you," she replied, with dignity; "and I wouldn't, of course, wish to intrude in that case."

"We might take Lascelles along," replied John, without looking up.

"That would be as bad as another woman," said Isabel, and turning abruptly upon her little heel, she went into her aunt's sitting-room and astonished that old lady by throwing herself down by her side and bursting into a passion of tears.

"God bless me!" said Miss Moneypenny, "what's the matter, Isabel? Has any thing happened to John? I told him to call Abigail, and I've been waiting ever since to be undressed."

"It's nothing about John," sobbed Isabel; "or if it is, he don't care—he's too selfish to care about any thing or any body."

"Hush, child!" said the old lady, smoothing

the beautiful hair of her niece; "you know I'm very fond of John."

"And so am I!" cried the young girl; "and yet I've promised to marry Lascelles, and I hate him! I loathe him!"

"Isabel," replied her aunt, "you are very inconsistent. A little while ago you hated and loathed John, now you are fond of your cousin and hate the other man. Wait a little while, and it 'll come right again: girls are like weathercocks at your age."

"Aunt," persisted Isabel, "I can not marry Lascelles! I will not!"

"Well, you see, Isabel, I don't know how to advise you in this case. John confessed to me he was mad about this other woman."

A hot flush mounted to Isabel's forehead.

"If he asked me this very night to marry him," she interrupted, proudly, "I would refuse him!"

III.

JOHN proposed upon one Wednesday evening a fishing excursion for the following day. Lascelles agreed to the proposition with enthusiasm.

"I never catch any fish, but I like the fun," he said, enigmatically.

Thursday morning dawned bright and clear, and our fishing party were up betimes, and on their way to the little branch of the river that ran at the foot of the De Vigny pasture grounds. At every step of the way the young proprietor regaled his companions with interesting accounts of the vastness of his property, the fertility of his land, the fine condition of his live-stock, and seemed in an excellent humor with the world and all it contained. He wore a fishing costume of light tweed and carried a silver-mounted rod in his hand, while upon his arm hung a curiously wrought fishing-basket. Upon his fair curls rested a hat of the finest straw, with a prodigiously wide brim; a brown veil was fastened securely about his neck, and his hands were covered with a pair of ornamented buckskin gloves.

"You wouldn't believe," he remarked, as, reaching the river, he seated himself under a tree, "that I shall be burned to a crisp if I go out of the shade. Positive fact, I assure you—but I don't care," he added, bravely; "it don't matter if I am."

But Mr. Lascelles, however regardless of securing himself from the sun's rays, insisted that Isabel should remain under the shadow of the tree, and, adjusting her line gallantly, he led her to a seat under a projecting limb; then arranging with great precision his rod, they commenced to fish under very comfortable circumstances.

John declared he would try the stream further down, and disregarding an appealing glance from Isabel, proceeded upon his way. Seating himself upon a rock that completely hid him from his companions, John went earnestly to work. By the absorbed expression of his countenance, and the rapt attention with which he gazed upon the water, we would have supposed he was devoted to the piscatory art; but presently a shining substance shot out of the stream, and John's line whirled fleetly from the reel—our fisherman drew in his prize, but seemed not at all interested, and his face wore the same rapt, care-worn look when he again threw out his line.

An hour or two went by, and the sun was climbing high over his head, when John fancied he heard his name called in a loud, agonizing tone. He dropped his line, started to his feet, and listened.

"John, John!" cried a voice he well knew even when it was strained with agony. "Oh, John, save me!"

With one bound he cleared the rock, and leaping over stones and brambles, soon reached the spot where he had left his cousin and her companion. Isabel was sinking in about eight feet of water under the projecting branch, and Lascelles, in an agony of terror and dismay, stood wringing his hands upon the bank.

"She would get upon the limb," he stammered, "and she fell in. I can't swim a stroke, or I'd jump in; I would indeed!"

John pushed him aside before he had said two words, and throwing himself in the stream, succeeded in reaching his cousin as she was again borne down by the water. It was the work of a moment to swim with her to the shore, and leaving Lascelles to follow as he could, he ran with the insensible form of Isabel homeward.

When he saw the house his heart gave a leap of relief, and he dashed through the hall where his aunt sat dozing in her chair. The old woman fixed a petrified gaze upon John as he hastened with the lifeless form of his cousin up the stairs, and watched him hurry off again, drenched as he was, for the doctor. When John returned with the village Æsculapius, Abigail had already changed her young mistress's clothes and restored her to consciousness.

Then John went to change his dripping garments. Presently Mr. Lascelles came panting up the garden-path, and the doctor took his leave.

But passing through the hall the attention of the physician was arrested by a motionless figure that lay huddled upon the floor.

"God bless my soul," he cried, "it's Miss Moneypenny!"

"O Lord!" said Lascelles, fanning himself with his hat, "she's got a fit! What a day of disasters!"

"Oh, aunt! dear aunt!" cried John, leaping from the stairs, "what is this?" He took the helpless form in his arms and carried it tenderly to his aunt's room.

"Another stroke of paralysis," said the physician, "and I fear it will go hard with her this time. My horse is at the door, I'll go procure something for her relief."

"I'm completely done up!" said young Lascelles. "I think I'll retire also. I'm glad to hear Miss Isabel's better. Call in the evening."

And John was left alone with his aunt.

"Live!" he cried, kissing and caressing her cold and withered hand; "for without you I am alone in the world!" She opened her eyes, and, gazing upon John, strove in vain to speak, while drops of futile agony stood upon her wrinkled brow.

A light step descended the staircase, and Isabel approached slowly the door of her aunt's room; but John, overpowered with remorse and grief, thought of nothing at that moment but his aunt. He fancied her eager gaze was filled with reproach, and he burst into a passion of regret.

"I might have known it would have killed you to see Isabel half dead in my arms; but I could not speak, for my heart was full. Oh, aunt, I love her! I love her!"

Isabel sank back, half fainting.

A ray of absolute joy shone in the old woman's eyes, and her brow became instantly calm and cool.

"I know it is madness, dear aunt. I was there, outside the window, that night she called me a clumsy lout, and declared she hated my very name; and yet, despicable wretch that I am, I love her!"

A look of great content crept into the eyes of Miss Moneypenny when she heard this old-fashioned burst of passion from John. She closed her eyes, and fearing to disturb her he remained quiet.

Isabel crept softly up the stairs, holding her hands tightly over her beating heart, and battling against the happiness that she felt surging within her.

"And my aunt dying, perhaps!" she murmured, indignantly. "Ungrateful wretch that I am!" Steadily keeping this thought before her, she succeeded in banishing the joy from her eyes, and when she joined John by her aunt's bedside she was as sorrowful almost as he.

All that night and the next day the old lady remained the same—motionless, seemingly lifeless, but for the vigor of the dark eyes, that seemed almost to speak in the intensity of their expression. Isabel, now fully recovered, watched with John, and one vied with the other in lavishing sad and sincere caresses upon the dearest friend they possessed upon earth until Friday evening, when the old lady died.

IV.

THE funeral was over, the will was read, and it was discovered that "Griselda Moneypenny, being in full possession of all her faculties, willed and devised every thing she possessed to her nephew, John Moneypenny, and her niece, Isabel Moneypenny, share and share alike, in consideration that the said John and Isabel Moneypenny should become man and wife thirty days from the time of her, Griselda Moneypenny's decease; failing this, her property, personal and otherwise, was to be divided among a host of greedy relatives, and as her lawyer had always managed to make his connection with her a profitable thing, she hoped he would do the same by her heirs." And there the will ended; not another word, one way or the other. So Isabel counted the days as they went by, as the Eastern gentleman did his beans, and in spite of the tinge of melancholy that shadowed her face, she became more and more beautiful every day. John scarcely dared linger near her, and roamed about the grounds, gaunt and pale as a spectre. Isabel's persuasive tenderness he mistook for pity, and rejected her timid advances indignantly.

What was the poor girl to do? The days were passing, and soon he would be robbed of his inheritance. She would willingly have been dutiful and obedient to her aunt's desire; she would almost welcome it as a pleasure, so sacred did she consider these last requests; but John was so—so—stubborn; and here her rhetoric became sadly mixed up, and a tear or two fell upon her black dress, the first of a shower that rent her heart without consoling it. In the midst of it all came Lascelles; and one morning John Moneypenny, walking up and down the garden-path, heard the sweet voice of his cousin raised in remonstrance.

"It is quite impossible!" cried Isabel; "I am very unhappy, Mr. Lascelles. I beg of you to relieve me from my engagement. I can not marry you!"

"Of course you can't now!" said the shrill voice of De Vigny. "I didn't expect such a thing, but you can not surely mean to throw me over altogether; why you can't be in earnest! Just think of it, Miss Moneypenny! I am madly in love with you. I worship the very ground you walk upon, and there isn't a girl for miles wouldn't be proud of such an offer."

"Then you are at liberty to throw your handkerchief to any of them," replied Isabel; "you are perfectly free as far as I am concerned."

When John saw the slender form of the young landed proprietor retreating rapidly toward the De Vigny by-path, he turned his steps homeward, and turning suddenly a corner of the balcony, found Isabel sitting upon the step in such a pretty attitude of despondency that he could not, for his life, pass on.

"What is it, Isabel?" he said, seating himself by her side, and finding a tumultuous passion raging within him as he touched her little hand. "Why are you so sad?"

"I am so wretched and unhappy," sobbed Isabel. "I haven't a friend in the world!"

"How can you say that to me?" stammered John, not knowing exactly what he was saying.

"Why do you avoid me then?" continued Isabel.

John hesitated a moment—his lips trembled, and he grew pale. Then he cried, boldly,

"Because I love you!" dropping her hand and shrinking back a little from the rebuff he feared; "because I dare not be near you lest I should forget that you hate and despise me."

"But I don't, John; I love you dearly," said Isabel, lifting her head shyly, and raising two beseeching eyes to his; the tears lay upon her long lashes, and a sweet, almost infantile expression of joy shone in her face. John caught her in his arms, believing it all to be a deceitful, fallacious dream; but determining to enjoy it as long as possible, he did not speak for fear of awakening.

The house upon the hill at Scatterton is the cheeriest domain for miles around; and spending a few happy weeks there last fall, I determined to let the host of relatives (who consider themselves defrauded, and stigmatize my old friend John and his charming wife as mercenary wretches) know what a disinterested thing the marriage was, in spite of Aunt Moneypenny's Will.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

QUESTION IN ASTRONOMY.—People speak of the sun's breaking out. Will this account for the spots on its face?

FAIR FIGHT.—As you are strong be merciful. Beat your carpets if you like, but don't *hit 'em when they're down!*

At school one day, when the lesson was the table of "ale and beer measure," a little boy, remarkable for the correct manner in which he usually said all his lessons, was quite unprepared.

"How is this, John?" said his teacher.

"I thought it was of no use, Sir," said John.

"No use!" interrupted the master.

"No, Sir; it's ale and beer measure," said John.

"I know it is," said the master.

"Well, Sir," said the little boy, "father and I both think it is of no use to learn about ale and beer, as we mean never to buy, sell, or drink them."

SWEET CHILDREN—Lavender kids.

I have a lingering love, I own,
For an old doctrine, held by some,
That woman's truest sphere is found
Within the hallowed walls of home;
But when the babe alarmed the house
By rolling headlong down the stair—
"Where's Mrs. Jones?" I cried to Ann,
With hands upraised in blank despair.
"She's at the rink," replied the maid,
"A-ridin' the velocypade!"

A resident of one of the suburban towns found the services at church very quieting, and fell asleep. He was finally disturbed by the touch of a contribution-box in the hands of one of the deacons, who was taking up a collection; but, without opening his eyes, the sleeper ejaculated "Season," and sunk back to resume his nap. It is unnecessary to say that he was a season-ticket passenger on a railroad.

A countryman who had never paid more than twenty-five cents to see an exhibition went to view the "Forty Thieves." The ticket-seller charged him seventy-five cents for a ticket. Passing the pasteboard back he quietly remarked: "Keep it, mister, I don't want to see the other thirty-nine," and out he marched.

Recently a lady residing in Boston had occasion to correct her little girl, and was somewhat astonished and amused a few hours afterward, when putting her daughter to bed. After her usual prayer she added, "God bless good papa, and God bless mamma, and *make her a good mamma.*"

JOHN CHINAMAN IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Will the Chinese adapt themselves to our Footing, or shall we take the Queue from them?

Highly probable development of the "Hack" under Chinese management.

What will Bridget say when this person looks after our Linen?

Are good Ironers and Laundry-men

They make excellent Nurses.

Mr. C——, of Boston, has justly a great reputation for wit. At a supper given after the success of "The Spirit of '76" the subject of play-writing came up. A conceited, would-be author remarked that in his opinion it wasn't difficult to write a play. He himself would write one—a farce, that kind would take best, perhaps. There was somewhat of a smile of incredulity among his hearers.

"Oh, I mean it; you needn't laugh."

"I don't expect to," rejoined C——, good-naturedly.

Men of mark—chalk manufacturers. Men of cheek—the well-rounded. Men of conscience—those who don't say any thing about it. Men of parts—tailors. Men of consideration—those who are trying to shave others. Men of will—lawyers when inditing the same. Men of means—a great many mean ones. Men of interest—note-brokers, when figuring on the principal. Men who go it strong—those of weak minds.

"WHERE ARE MY SHIRTS?"—A certain Princess is now trying to obtain, in Paris, a separation from her lord and master on a most extraordinary pretext. It appears that the Prince, on arriving, after two years' service in Mexico, telegraphed to the partner of his bosom no fond words of delight at coming back to her again, but simply the laconic and unromantic ones, "*Where are my shirts? I can not find them!*" Hence the application for a separation. Should the Princess succeed in obtaining one, her husband will, for the future, not only have to look after his *shirts*, but also to *shift* for himself in other matters as well!

A traveler in Pennsylvania asked the landlord if they had any cases of sun-stroke in that town. "No, Sir," said the landlord; "if a man gets drunk here we say he is drunk, and never call it by any other name."

FIRE-WORKS IN THE COUNTRY.—[Drawn by C. G. Bush.]

THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT WASHINGTON.—Drawn by Winslow Homer.—[See Page 446.]

CUP PRESENTED TO JAMES GORDON BENNETT, JUN., ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR EUROPE IN THE YACHT "DAUNTLESS."

## TESTIMONIAL CUP PRESENTED TO JAMES G. BENNETT, JUN.

WE give above a representation of the cup presented lately to JAMES GORDON BENNETT, Jun., by his personal friends on the occasion of his departure for Europe in the yacht *Dauntless*. It was expected that Mr. BENNETT would set sail on June 22; hence the inscription. He sailed on the 26th. Mr. BENNETT is the Vice-Commodore of the New York Yacht Club, and has for years been at the head of those interested in yacht racing. His yacht *Dauntless* is considered the finest specimen of naval architecture yet produced in this country.

# SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

## CHAPTER XX.

But the usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man.

AZALEA'S heart throbbed fast, and her lips whitened at the thought of her own design. Not that her nervousness checked her determination. She was one of those who carry a beautiful and serene courage in their hearts, which does successful war against all the cloudy terrors, the prescient agonies of a sensitive and vivid imagination. Ephemeral doubts and fears might float through her mind as sea vapors steal round a rock's crest; but her purpose remained stanch and unshaken as the granite itself.

I feel much commiseration for my poor little heroine. She has genius and she has beauty. What more fatal provocatives to man's dislike and woman's hate could Nature have given her? Madame de Staël remarks somewhere that intellect for a woman is a magnificent morning robe. Faith that grows confused with much questioning; love that overreaches itself; hope that foresees its disappointment—such are the guerdons of intellect. Those whose minds are confined to peaceful levels, if they miss the glory of ascending the heights, at least evade the painful vibration of passing through the air, and the clouds of doubt that choke aspiring souls ere they reach the summit. Neither will her courage be a recommendation in the eyes of the superior sex. Men, as a rule, pity and love the creature that droops to them for protection; the woman who faints has the first claim to sympathy; the woman who shrieks is infinitely attractive; the woman who can accomplish a judicious combination of both is irresistible. I do not blame my brethren, for this sentiment of theirs originates in a natural and heroic vanity; they like to be called on to prove their own superiority—the superiority of muscle and form which Nature has given them—the superiority of mind to which educational training has assisted them. It is sweet and pleasant to protect a creature whom they love; and they can scarcely pardon an independence which dispenses with a parade of manly supremacy.

The by-lane that ran past the Auriel shrubberies was a portion of Church Lane, and so Azalea was not more than a mile from Auriel when she came in sight of the house which Sally had said was Mr. Douglas's. She walked up to the garden gate, and began to frame a few words of inquiry by which she might induce Mr. Douglas to see her. Mr. Douglas, however, had little choice in the matter, for his door was wide open; and when Azalea stood on the threshold she saw an oldish man writing at a table, with his face partially averted from her. The only mode of introduction she dared to venture on was a small apologetic cough, Topaz walked on boldly and sniffed the stranger's legs with an air of suspicion, and Robert Douglas put down his pen and looked at the intruders.

Was it a fly tripping over his page, or a bird flopping against the pane—was it the old woman teasing him for orders, or the squire's son come to announce a holiday in place of a task? Something had disturbed him, and for an instant Douglas ascribed his sense of discomfort to some familiar petty cause. Then his glance fell on a fair-headed little girl, who might have been blown in with the sunbeam that streamed through his door, so noiseless had been her approach, so sunny was her aspect. He looked at her wonderingly.

"What do you want?" he said.

His tone was harsh, and Azalea pulled a rose-leaf to pieces between her fingers before she could find her voice.

"If you please, I want—" she began.

"Yes."

"I want—"

"Won't you sit down?" Mr. Douglas suggested, pushing a chair toward her.

Azalea accepted the courtesy gratefully. She was not tired, but she was shaking with nervousness. Unfortunately the change of position did not bring increase of courage.

"Yes; what is it?" Mr. Douglas demanded once more. This time his voice seemed harsher, and he glanced at his open book. Azalea saw and interpreted the look aright. "He wants me to go," she thought, piteously, "and I haven't said any thing yet." In her perplexity and confusion she kicked her chair vigorously. Mr. Douglas searched under the table, and perceiving that the irritating noise was caused by her legs, he looked at them imploringly and said:

"Don't."

They stopped immediately, and Azalea muttered sullenly: "I want to learn something."

"Yes."

"I want to learn every thing," Azalea went on, in desperation. "I want to learn music and drawing, arithmetic, and French, and Latin, and Greek, and I want you to teach me."

"I do not teach girls," Mr. Douglas said, briefly.

"But I wouldn't be any more troublesome than a boy," Azalea pleaded, "and I do want to get on so; for it breaks my father's heart, he says, to think that I am not to be taught like other children."

"What are they taught here excepting to hoe and to glean? and why does your father want you to be brought up differently from other children in your rank of life?"

"I don't know," Azalea said, simply, "excepting it is that I *am* different, you know."

Mr. Douglas, looking at the delicate feet and hands; the refined contour of the head, and the face bright and mutable with intelligence, owned to himself that this child was very dissimilar from the red-cheeked, heavy-faced girls who slouched up the lane every Sunday on their way to church.

"Do you know any thing already?" he asked.

"Not much," Azalea said, humbly.

He pushed a book toward her. "See if you can learn half a page while I finish what I am about. Now, don't talk, but do what I tell you: if I find you to be intelligent, I may consent to help you; but another fool would be the death of me." With which compliment to his absent pupils, Mr. Douglas bowed his head again over his book, checking with a gesture Azalea's effort to explain to him that she had got far beyond the first page of the Latin grammar, and that he was not testing her abilities fairly in requesting her to learn the primary rules. She repeated her task mechanically to herself to be quite certain of her perfect acquaintance with it, and then she watched the shadows blowing along the hedgerow opposite the window, and wished she might follow the track of those quick birds who pecked little patches in the cherries in the garden, and then waved away past the corn-fields until they became dim, restless specks over the bosom of the distant hills. For a while the silence was unbroken in the little room. The dog lay curled up in the sun; the child sat motionless in the flickering light and shadow that played through the casement; and the man pondered over the mysteries of language which had been sound in the mouths of strange generations who have left to Time no heritage save rich barbaric symbols and strange characters traced on broken fragments of stone. Presently a few heavy drops splashed through the thick, warm air. These were succeeded by others, and a fresh scent of rain began to blow through the rose-trees at the window. Then a low peal of thunder rolled over the meadows, and a sharp vivid streak of pale fire played for an instant across the bosom of a black cloud. The cloud grew darker and the peals louder and fuller, until the lightning streaks and the thunderous volleys seemed to awe every living thing to silence. The birds ceased to sing, but fluttered uneasily round the fluffy nests, where their fledgelings stared with bright curious eyes at the rain-drops pattering through their green roof of leaves. The kine herded together under the trees, while their less sedate companions, the horses, galloped wildly round the meadow at every fresh blast of the storm.

Azalea looked calmly out on the angry confusion of the elements—the hurrying clouds streaked by quick flashes of fire; the sullen grandeur of the thunder crashing overhead in an ecstasy of wrath, and then rolling away into sullen murmurs over the echoing hills—all inspired her with a sort of awed delight.

"Are you not afraid of the storm?" Douglas asked, looking up from his work on the forests of Brazil, his eyes somewhat dazzled by the frequent-recurring flashes.

"Not now," Azalea answered; "I used to be when I was little, you know."

"That was a long while ago," Douglas suggested, amusedly. "And why were you afraid then?"

"I only used to be afraid when I had done any thing wrong—when I had stolen the best apples, and told daddy the wasps had eaten them, or lost the key of the store-room; then if a storm came I was dreadfully frightened, and thought God was speaking his anger to me through the clouds."

"And now?"

"Oh! now I don't do any thing wrong," she said, with audacious simplicity. "I have all the apples I want, and there isn't a key to the store-room."

"Can you do your lesson?"

"Yes."

"Then let us get it over," Douglas said, wearily.

Azalea rendered up her grammar in a tremor of hope and fear—hope that she might attain her object, and fear lest, by some treacherous failure of memory, she might blunder where she sought to be most certain of success.

Douglas was pleased and astonished at the extent of the child's acquirements and at the lucidity of her understanding. He soon found that it was unnecessary to confine her attention only to the grammar. "To-morrow we will begin Virgil," he said, when the lesson was finished.

Azalea laughed in her heart, feeling that the victory was won, and that her father need suffer no further uneasiness concerning her education.

"Will your father call and see me?" Douglas began.

"He is a cripple, from paralysis," interrupted the girl, sadly.

She was surprised by the look of tender pity that beamed over her companion's rugged face—a look so soft and plaintive that for an instant the harsh features and deep-set eyes seemed transformed into something like beauty.

"I will come to-morrow," he said, briefly.

The light passed away from his eyes as he turned once more to his books, and Azalea thought she must have been mistaken in fancying that he looked almost handsome just now.

"I live up there at Auriel," she said, pointing in the direction of the red gables that peered above a belt of woodland.

Douglas looked out over the yellow, heaving fringe of the corn-fields, heavy-headed and stricken crossways by wet, and shivering in the wind—looked at the low line of the tangled hedgerows—at the purple film of the far woodland, and the dim red house of Auriel towering behind it.

"I shall not forget," he said, musingly. "I should like to see Thurstan Mowbray's home. I hope I shall find you alone," he added. "I do not care to meet more strangers than I can possibly avoid. Have you any friends?"

"I have none."

"I'm glad of it. Good-by. The rain has ceased, you see."

"Good-by," Azalea said, gayly; and tucking up her petticoats round her, she hurried away. Her fair hair blown about her face, laughter shining in her eyes, and dimpling her soft, baby-looking mouth, it was as if the spirit of beautiful youth had flitted into some old anchorite's gloomy cave, and had danced out again with the free wind and the sun, glad to turn its bright visage away from darkness and sorrow.

Douglas was relieved by her departure. Joy and loveliness were to him what the sight of children are to a barren wife.

## CHAPTER XXI.

AN OASIS IN THE DESERT.

THE next four years of her life were very sweet to Azalea. The sweetness was so still and subtle, the time ebbed so softly past her untroubled heart that she herself hardly appreciated the rare worth and beauty of the vanishing hours. In after-years she grew wiser in her pain, and would wake from her slumbers with a strange pang of recollection stretching out her arms in the darkness of night, as if imploring Time to give back to her one breath of the old flower-scented sunshine—one glimpse of the old innocently sensuous peace that had blessed her in these days. Then she longed with a passionate craving for the faint scent of the water-lilies that starred the dark pond—for the rustle of the ripened apples falling heavily though the pale leaves, with yellow wasps buzzing over the fallen prize—for the cry of the night-bird that whispered mysterious plaints through the dense woodlands—for her father's voice—for Topaz's sudden imperative expressions of doggish will. All the dear trifles of her present content which passed unnoticed now, lived clearly in her mind in the cold hereafter when she could no more clutch a remnant of the joys of her youth than the dead can leave darkness and corruption to dance with the village children who prattle over their graves.

At present her happiness was crossed neither by regret nor prescience of trouble. Youth presses on blindly through its swift bright years, like the true lover who flew over the golden road that led to his mistress's bower without looking right or left. It is only those who have been already shipwrecked that tremble under the shadow of coming clouds, and shiver at the whisper of adverse winds.

George Moore was still feeble and helpless, but his willing inertion and sometimes broken speech seemed healthful compared to that old terrible time when his voice and limbs were numbed entirely by the dread gripe of paralysis. He was drifting toward the end, but so soft and gradual was the decay that he scarcely saw the deepening of the shadows. Life was fading from view as light dies away on the bosom of a still lake when the rosy dusk darkens slowly from warm indistinctness to impenetrable gloom.

Douglas's visits were a great solace to the old man. It had been arranged between them that the former should come to Auriel on those days when Azalea received her lessons. This arrangement was agreeable to Moore, who sat blinking with satisfaction, and mumbling inarticulate criticisms on the girl's progress while she construed her Latin and carried such rustic intonation into her French exercises as nearly made her tutor swear with vexation. Douglas himself found it pleasant to quit for a while the low roof and plain whitewashed walls of his cottage for the old-fashioned grandeur of the Manor—grandeur infinitely lovelier to him from being tinged by the romance of decay and silence. He liked to wander through the long corridors and empty chambers when they were flushed by sunset. Then the marble faces that gleamed in the dusky recesses had faint little trembles of light moving round their cold, sweet faces, while in the picture-galleries the scarlet coats of the cavaliers glowed as if their breasts were once more facing the light of battle. Through the windows he looked on broken terraces, urns overturned in long grass, and a fountain where the nymphs arose that had once poised a bowl of translucent water was covered with green mould, while the dry cup contained only a few drops of rain, not more than sufficient to induce a passing swallow to rest its glossy breast for a brief instant against the worn, discolored edge. The old books collected by a learned ancestor of the Mowbrays were linked together with cobwebs, save where Douglas's hand moved them asunder. The collection was a rich and varied one, but no work dated later than the period when George the Second was king; for the last learned and wealthy member of the Mowbray family had died about that period, and his successor, more intent on reaping than sowing the grain on his estate, added not a single volume to his libraries, nor a tree to his park. Rare early specimens of the literature of all countries stood in dusky rows on the shelves, and Douglas felt pleasure almost akin to enthusiasm during the quiet silent hours he spent in examining their contents. Sometimes Topaz would wander in with his nose up, as if he smelt rats in the air. Sometimes his little mistress came and crouched in a sunny corner, deep in the perusal of some romance borrowed from the shelves of her own sitting-room, where some frivolous female scion of the Mowbrays had left copies of the Waverley novels, *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, and other levities of her era. When thus occupied Azalea was as quiet as the statue of the sleeping Psyche in the niche behind her. She grew at length to be a part of those still summer noons in Douglas's mind, and she never jarred the silence by a harsh tone or a sudden gesture.

"She is really tolerable," was the first concession Douglas made in her favor; "and if her French accent was not so vile would be a pleasant pupil." He said this to Moore, who, not hearing him distinctly, took praise of his darling for granted, and, nodding his head, muttered, "Yes, it is beautiful!"

"Perhaps when you were a little boy you didn't know much," Azalea retorted. "French don't come by nature."

But his teaching, if harsh, was salutary. The French soon progressed more fluently.

"As to the dead languages," Douglas said, sadly, "I only wish the parson's boys were like her. If she goes on like this she will be a good double-first spoiled."

Unconsciously to himself he began to feel the day grow brighter toward the hour of his visit to Auriel. It was something for this desolate man to know that there were yet two faces in the world that gladdened at his approach. By degrees the dim red towers began to look like home to him as he neared them in his daily walks. The by-path across the fields that led from the distant village to Auriel had been so little frequented that the corn grew thickly up to the very verge of the ditches, and mixed with the long trailing brambles of the hedgerows. In the autumn noons Douglas lingered to watch the butterflies flit over the golden floats of wheat—to hear the dull, sweet tones of distant church-bells vibrate through the dreamy silence, until the last echo died away over the gleaming fringes of far-off fields. Here the bruised honey-suckle was sweet under his tread; the fragile hedge-blossoms fluttered away from their stems as he brushed past them; Nature's voice, low-toned and melodious, spoke in the hum of insects, the murmurous coo of wood-doves, the stir of the bearded corn, as it bowed to the warm breath of the summer wind.

As he paused to enjoy the mellow richness of earth's ripest, sweetest hours he felt something of the calm of these blooming solitudes enter into his heart—something which, if not content, was at least peace.

The noiseless, blossom-dropping summer was succeeded by snow and frost. Douglas did not linger by the frozen ditches and stiffened briers, but pressed on quickly to Auriel. There was yet summer in his heart when he saw old Moore's feeble pleasure at his approach, and observed Azalea's eager face smiling welcome on him through the congealed panes as he came down the path.

Four years passed away noiselessly to these three oddly-assorted companions; outside their lives the great world was rushing along in its mighty stream of noisy joy and shrill pain. The cities were filled with feasting and dancing, with rumors of war, and prattle of fashions. Great

political changes altered the face of established laws; national sorrow and national triumph made sore or glad the hearts of multitudes; but the echoes of the world's sympathies did not penetrate to Auriel. Azalea learned to speak pure English and tolerable French. She grew attached to her tutor, and with feminine tact she did her little best to lighten the cloud on his life. He was not happy, she was sure of that; for, although he rarely spoke harshly now, or frowned at her as he did on the day they first met, still he never sang as she did—never laughed, like her, at the predatory antics of the magpie or the blithe gambols of the kitten.

It was not that Douglas made any affectation of melancholy; but he was like a prisoner whose arms have been bound for so long they know not what use to make of freedom. It is not easy for a man of forty-five, crushed in spirit, and embittered by life-long failure, to lift up his voice in the little aimless songs of joy that bubble up on youth's lips. He could direct Azalea's studies, and sympathize with her earnest enthusiasms when directed toward the acquisition of knowledge; but he found it hard to restrain his impatience when the girl would suddenly upset the Euripides and fling Sophocles to the ground, in her impetuous pursuit of Topaz, as the latter disappeared, in a quiver of doggish agitation, to make vindictive war on the kitten.

Meanwhile old Moore was slowly dying, and they saw it not; neither did they see Azalea was growing into a beautiful young woman. At the end of four years, when she was seventeen, Lord Orme and his family returned to once more take up their permanent residence in England, as the health of the Hon. Rosa Orme was now thoroughly re-established.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE ORMES AGAIN.

I HAVE spoken before of Lord Orme's house in Brighton. I have now to introduce you to the old baronial residence of the Ormes, which was also situated in Sussex; but it stood far away from the gay glare of the town, on a wild-looking range of downs. From the upper windows you could detect a gleam of sea shining beyond the furthest float of hills; but except this, and the sheep that made so many dappled lights down the shadowed valleys, there was little else to break the flowing monotony of the view.

When the house was unoccupied by the family the sheep would crowd up round the walls, and poke their innocent noses against the nail-studded doors; there was no fence-work to separate the front part of the house from the downs—no trees to cast flickered shadows down the sides of the stately towers. In lonely grandeur the massive pile breasted hot suns and rushing winds, and beyond the rude magnificence of its proportions there was little to admire in the exterior of Orme Castle.

"A dreadful dull place," the Misses Orme pronounced the home of their forefathers to be.

"Reminded her of pirates," Miss Slater averred, with an affected shiver.

Upon which Conrad punished her by asking her if she would not like to become "the windy bride of a corsair;" which remarkable form of invitation he had discovered in an old drama of Lord Thurlow's.

Conrad's holidays had not begun when the Ormes returned from abroad.

"Thank Heaven for that!" Miss Slater said, fervently: he was to the poor governess what the fly was to Io. When she read morning prayers, and prayed for health and happiness for all the members of the household, she could not help glaring evilly at that terrible boy, whose curly head, looking like the crest of a pert cockatoo, bobbed solemnly up and down, keeping time with her somewhat singsong intonation; "And look kindly on our evil doings," she chanted, looking fixedly at the obnoxious movement; but she could not herself yield the forgiveness she petitioned for.

It was on an evening in October when the family returned home; after the bustle of arrival had subsided, the inmates wandered helplessly about the house, like strange cats that are not sufficiently at home to clean their feet and go through all the licking and purrings incidental to cattish toilets.

The luggage had not arrived, so the ladies'-maids could not commence their office. The house looked desolate and strange; no familiar occupations were about with which the girls could occupy themselves. Lord Orme wished to write some letters, but his inkstands were serving as cemeteries for deceased flies, and his pens and paper were locked up in his dispatch-box.

Miss Slater longed for tea; but the female domestics had only just obtained some for themselves, and utterly declined to pay any attention to the angry vibrations of the bells until their own requirements were satisfied.

After dinner the girls strolled out on the sloping lawn at the back of the house, and there held council over their plans for the future. Miss Slater sat down in the drawing-room and looked sentimentally at Lord Orme, and Lord Orme went to sleep.

Rosa and Amelia had improved in appearance since the day when they walked like little angular automata under the presiding jerks of Miss Slater's hand.

Rosa was black-eyed and tall: she had one of those figures over which milliners rejoice—nice and straight, no trouble at all to fit. Her dressmaker and her lady friends called her "so very distinguished-looking." I have observed that when a young lady, wealthy and high-born, lacks the feminine loveliness to which her rank and other advantages justly entitle her, the female jackals of her court generally disarm criticism by the emphasis with which they proclaim her to be "distinguished;" that is, supposing the object of their admiration is sufficiently large and lanky-looking to merit the appellation; if she be short and fat they are reduced to the suggestion that she is "so sweet."

Amelia Orme would have come into the latter category. She was rather below the middle height, had a turned-up nose and a heavy face and throat; her eyes were hazel, and were ordinarily placid in expression; but when she was angered a wicked low cunning look gleamed up in their sullen depths. She was full and thick in figure; her hair was a burnished brown, and she had a great quantity of it.

Amelia was sullen and phlegmatic. Rosa was lively and imitative. When the two sisters quarreled Rosa had the advantage on her side at the commencement of the warfare, but ultimately the victory remained with Amelia. Rosa exhausted her rage in angry exclamations, withering sarcasm, and quick, hot tears; on these occasions her eyes danced, her voice shook, and her nose got red.

Amelia stiffened into the most impenetrable sullenness; her face was calm as an Egyptian idol's, and heavy in its anger like a storm-lurid cloud. In many respects she was amiable. She loved Rosa after her own fashion. She never gratuitously irritated Miss Slater, and she was solemnly respectful to her father.

But of the two I rather think he preferred Rosa, who was waspish and impertinent. In her most agreeable moods Amelia was monotonous, and she was as unresponsive to demands for sympathy as a stone-wall is to the electric flash that plays over it in times of storm.

The sisters looked almost pretty as they stood together in the soft gloom of this autumn evening, attired in flowing white dresses, and with Roman scarfs twisted about their shoulders. Around them was a bold expanse of grass downs flushed by sunset. A fresh sea wind blew over the high peaks, and all the hills were musical with the gentle tribulation of sheep-bells. Amelia looked pensively on the innocent creatures whose lives are one harmless continual nibble, and sighed.

"I haven't tasted South-Down mutton for ages," she said.

Then the two talked of the grand ball papa was to give soon, and of the dresses they determined to wear, and of the partners they hoped to secure. It was to be their first appearance in society as grown-up young ladies, and their expectations of the result were somewhat extravagant.

"Do you think the Marquis of Grandacres will propose for me that night?" sharp-eyed Rosa said, alluding to an unmarried country magnate.

"Not that night, perhaps," Amelia said, slowly. "Perhaps he'll do it when he calls next day. For my part, I shouldn't think of marrying any thing less than twenty thousand a year. I don't so much care for landed estates; there are often so many mortgages round the corner."

Then they discussed the number and class of people who were to receive invitations.

"I suppose we must ask that Lady Diana," Rosa said, viciously. "What men can see to admire in a woman of her age I can not imagine."

"She is two or three and thirty, isn't she?" yawned Amelia.

"Forty, if she's a day," the other answered, emphatically; and Amelia, who was acute enough in some respects, wondered what admirer of Rosa's had wandered from her, lured away by the attractions of that "splendid mirage," as a clever Frenchman once designated Lady Diana Merton.

"My dears," called Lord Orme from the drawing-room window, "come in; you will catch cold."

Lord Orme had a vague theory that every one who went out of doors after dinner must necessarily catch cold. He always sat indoors through all the long mellow summer evenings. He called the dew damp, and preferred listening to the thrush through closed windows and drawn curtains.

The Misses Orme obeyed the summons, and shortly afterward announced themselves to be fatigued, and retired to their bedchamber. Rosa went to bed first, and was just dropping off to sleep, when she happened to glance toward Amelia, who was sitting by the mirror, her hands moving rapidly through her hair, and holding some mysterious instruments which, from the distance, resembled meat-skewers. In a moment Rosa was wide awake. Her black eyes looked suspiciously at her sister's proceedings, and she murmured, with emphasis, "Crimps!" Then she sat up in the bed, and stared at Amelia.

"Why are you crimping?" she asked, severely.

Both sisters wore their hair frizzled over the eyes, in the disheveled Bacchante-like style with which our English virgins nowadays disfigure the fair smooth brows of youth. As a rule, in the privacy of home-life, the Misses Orme's waving locks were allowed to return to their normal state of flatness. The hair resented constant torture, and if twisted too often and too much, under the fiery pressure of the tongs, it was apt to come out in handfuls. There were various degrees of frizziness according as the occasion demanded. If a desirable match was to be fascinated, the lady's-maid, under Miss Slater's directions, wrought her young mistress's tresses into a state of marvelous confusion; if only a commoner, with barren prospects, was to be encountered, the governess disdained to assist at her charges' toilets, and merely a gentle wave redeemed the hair from its ordinary limpness. If any male visitor were expected, the hair was certain to wave to a certain extent; but when the girls believed themselves to be secured against intruders, they rejoiced to escape the nightly irritation of feeling hard-twisted knobs intervene between their heads and the pillow.

"Whom do you expect to see to-morrow?" Rosa said, with increased severity. And Amelia, looking very conscious, dropped the braid she was manipulating, and muttered:

"I heard papa say that if he went into Brighton to-morrow, and found that the — Dragoons had arrived, he should ask Captain Mowbray and some of the other officers to dinner."

The treachery stood revealed now the motive for the frizziness was exposed.

"And you would have let me go to sleep without telling me!" Rosa cried, in an accent of deep reproach.

"The maid has gone to bed with a faceache," Amelia answered, abashed; "so she couldn't do it for you, and it's only a chance, you know."

"It must be a good chance for which you would care to take any trouble," Rosa responded, spitefully. She jumped out of bed, and sat down before her mirror with a look of determination in her little sharp face. As she was far more energetic and active than her sister she was avenged by producing a more brilliant result.

But on the morrow they found that their labor had been wasted; for when Lord Orme came back from the barracks and encountered his daughters waiting for him at the porch, whither they had flown to meet him in an unusual accession of filial devotion, he told them that the — Dragoons had not yet arrived. They were expected to leave Norwich to-morrow, and as they were going to march by road through Essex to London, they could not arrive at Brighton for some days yet.

"Captain Mowbray's home is in Essex, is it not, papa?" asked Rosa.

"Yes; but I do not suppose he has ever seen it since he was a child," Lord Orme answered. "It is about as valuable a house to him as an old year's nest to swallows in the spring."

"Why does he not let it?" asked the practical Amelia.

"They will never let it," Lord Orme said, decisively. "They are as proud as Spaniards, and as impecunious. In the court-yards of the Escurial at Madrid the grass springs up thick enough to feed a team of mules; but I imagine that if a heretic hand wished to remove the signs of neglect and disorder, he would be rebuked with, 'Let it be; our grass is better than your hay.' No doubt the Mowbrays think the Auriel owls are worthier occupants of their chimneys than the smoke from a stranger's fire."

"Auriel!" exclaimed Rosa, with a flash of recollection, "that is the name of the place that funny little girl came from. Do you remember her, Amelia? I mean that disagreeable creature papa brought to Brighton just before we went abroad."

"I remember her," Amelia answered, shortly. "She was horrid."

"She must be quite a woman now: I wonder what she is like," pursued Rosa.

"Worse than ever, I should think," the other said, decisively. "At what time do we dine, papa?"

"Not for the next two hours. I wish you would come and read me the *Times*, Amelia; I shall not sleep happy to-night if I do not know what they are about; and I have such a pain in my eyes I can not read them myself."

Amelia looked depressed; it was her way of expressing disapprobation of any proposal that did not please her. Amelia's depression was as sure an index as the weather-hand that points to "cloudy." Lord Orme turned from her with impatience.

"I'll read them, papa!" cried the shrill voice of Rosa. Her father thanked her, doubtfully: he could not well decline the proffer; but as he anticipated, Rosa, after wading through half a column, gave various impatient twitches to the newspaper, and asked if "dear papa would not excuse her reading any more for the present, as she felt headache coming on."

Lord Orme said "Go, go!" and dismissed her. Then, unable to amuse himself, he sat and watched the shadows deepen on the hills, and thought of that other girl of whom Rosa and Amelia were just now speaking so contemptuously.

"She must be quite a woman now. I wonder what she is like."

Memory told Lord Orme that if the girl resembled her dead mother she must be very fair to look on.

"I'll do her justice one day," he declared to himself; he had been chafed by the selfish disregard of him shown by the Misses Orme; and we never think so tenderly of those we have wronged as when we are ourselves writhing under similar hurts.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

TRAVELING has become luxurious in these days. The old accommodations for rapid riding by rail dwindle into insignificance when compared with the comforts which may now surround one during a long journey. Even a trip across the continent does not seem an undertaking which would involve any great fatigue, when one has realized the luxury of the "Drawing-room Coaches," in a sixteen hours' ride on the Erie Railway. There are three of these coaches or cars which run between New York and Buffalo—the Atlantic, Pacific, and Metropolis—and they certainly afford delightful accommodations to passengers. They are divided into elegantly upholstered compartments, designed for four, eight, or twelve persons, where the traveler, surrounded by the attractions of a well-furnished parlor, may be as cozy and comfortable as possible. Single seats cost $1 50 for the trip; but one traveling alone, or a couple desiring to be by themselves, can secure a compartment —$6 being the price of the smallest size—and thus enjoy rest and seclusion. The doors of the compartments are open or shut at pleasure; when open a good view is obtained of the country on both sides of the track, though the large plate-glass window in *each* room affords an absorbingly fine view. One great convenience of the Drawing-room Cars is that a traveler may step out for dinner or supper, and feel confident that bag, bundle, and umbrella are safe. Yet one need not be confined to his own compartment, the reception-room giving ample opportunity for change of place.

A gentlemanly conductor and an attentive porter have special and exclusive charge of each car, and every want of passengers is supplied. On a recent trip in the Pacific, we found both conductor and porter courteously attentive to our comfort, even to the minutest details; giving with great cordiality information about the route; often coming to the door of our compartment to point out places of interest, or taking us to some other section of the car to obtain the best view of some romantic spot. For on the line of the Erie Railway is some of the most charming scenery in the world. River and mountain views combined render it delightfully romantic.

The Hansom Cab Company, incorporated at the last session of the Legislature, hope soon to provide the public with a cheaper and more convenient mode of conveyance through the city than carriages afford. The charter provides that the fare shall be as follows: For any distance within and not exceeding one mile, for a single passenger, 30 cents; and for two persons, 40 cents. For any distance additional to one mile, for each mile and fractional part of a mile, for a single passenger, 30 cents; and for two persons, 40 cents. For any time within and not exceeding one hour, for a single passenger, 75 cents; for two persons, $1; and for any time additional, for each hour and fractional part of an hour, for a single person, 75 cents; and for two passengers, $1. As soon as practicable these fares will be reduced.

A certain Dr. Kohn has examined the eyes of a hundred and thirty-two typographers in Breslau, and reports that not more than half a dozen have perfect sight, a large proportion being short-sighted. If compositors generally are thus afflicted it is a wonder that typographical errors are not more common.

A new journal called the *Rappel* has appeared in Paris; it is conducted by the two sons and the son-in-law of Victor Hugo. Victor Hugo himself is a contributor. The sale of the *Rappel* in the streets has been prohibited. M. Henri Rochefort, who is so well known in connection with his *Lanterne*, is also connected with this new paper.

An exchange gives a new wrinkle about the age of horses, which may oblige the horse dentist to give up his trade. It is said that after a horse is nine years old a wrinkle comes on the eyelid at the upper corner of the lower lid, and every year after he has a well-defined wrinkle to each year. If, for instance, a horse has three wrinkles, he is twelve; if four, he is thirteen. Add the number of wrinkles to nine, and you will always get it.

A curious affair took place at Niagara Falls a week or two ago. A Spaniard, with a party of friends, arrived one Saturday evening and took rooms at the Cataract House; the same evening a Cuban, with his party, put up at the International. On Sunday morning at five o'clock both parties took carriages and went over the Old Suspension Bridge into Canada. On arriving at a rural spot the drivers were told to tarry, and the foreign gentlemen disappeared from view. Before long pistol shots were heard, and one of the Cuban party was assisted to his carriage, and all returned to their hotels. It was soon noised about that there had been a duel, and the parties were arrested, but arranged to secure their liberty until the next day, when an examination took place. The evidence, offered chiefly by the parties themselves, was peculiar—going to show that the Spaniards and Cubans *happened* to meet at Niagara Falls; that each party *happened* to have a medical gentleman with him; that having but little time, they started early to see the sights; that they were fond of shooting, and always traveled with pistols; that they were only amusing themselves firing at a mark, when the unfortunate Cuban wounded himself! The prisoners were discharged, and the show ended. From other sources, however, it appeared that Couto, the Spaniard, had spoken contemptuously of the fighting qualities of the Cubans, and that a challenge followed from Fundora, the Cuban, which was accepted.

The hackmen at Niagara Falls are quite subdued. They are *chained* into a very limited space at the railroad dépôt; and when the cars arrive, bringing innocent strangers, all they can do is to hail them gently from their cage, and see if, by chance, any body wants to ride. The arrangement is really very comfortable. And though, of course, if you go outside of your hotel a hackman pops up at every street corner, and half a dozen between whiles, with "Have a carriage, Sir? Only a dollar an hour; they will ask you two dollars at the hotel:" yet, on the whole, they are tolerably well-behaved, and do not annoy travelers half as much as they used to do.

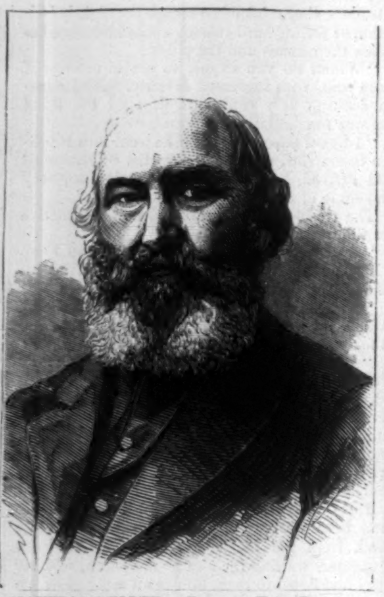
About the first of July an expedition under the command of Sir Samuel Baker will set out to attempt the conquest of the Upper Nile country. The force consists of two hundred Arab cavalry, and one thousand three hundred Nubian infantry. Three steamers, built of steel, are to be transported in pieces to the place of landing, and then put together before launching. Sir Samuel will carry with him a good supply of hardware and fancy goods, adapted to trade in the interior of Africa.

Another horrible story comes from New Orleans of a young lady of that city being buried alive. Her interment seems to have taken place in a very brief time after her supposed death—not more than seventeen hours. An hour after her burial a son of the sexton heard moanings coming from her tomb; but he was so overcome with fear that he fled from the place, and did not make known the fact till the next morning. The tomb and coffin were then opened, and the condition of the body indicated that she suffered fearfully after burial before life was extinct.

The most ludicrously laconic notice we have seen lately is printed in large letters over some insignificant private property on Goat Island, Niagara Falls, not far from the bridge connecting the island with the main land. It is simply "STAY OUT!" Nobody would ever think of intruding upon such an unattractive bit of ground, so the prohibition affords no little fun to visitors.

St. Louis is behind the times. St. Louis does not believe in woman's "equal rights." At a recent wedding in that city the officiating clergyman, in his address to the groom, said, "You are the man, and the man must be the ruler. Any idea looking to woman as being the ruler is a perversion of Scripture."

JULIUS EICHBERG.—[Phot. by Foss, Boston.]



MATHIAS KELLER.—[Phot. by Foss, Boston.]

## LAST OF THE PEACE JUBILEE.

Prominent in their connection with the Boston Peace Jubilee, as coadjutors of Mr. P. S. Gilmore, as orchestral leaders, and as musical composers, were Mr. Julius Eichberg and Mr. Mathias Keller. The latter is well known as the composer of the "American Hymn," which was sung during the first day of the Jubilee.

A sketch of Mr. Keller, published two years ago in a musical paper, says of him: "Forming an idea of Mr. Keller from his many beautiful and popular melodies, one would naturally suppose him to be a young-hearted, gray-headed, good-natured, enthusiastic, Americanized German; and so in very truth is he. Being almost the only representative in this country of that peculiar German style in song, so tender and graceful, yet classic withal, which has already made Abt and Kücken so favorably known, Mr. Keller's songs have not yet extended to that outer circle of popularity where the hand-organs claim them as their own; but among the lovers of German song—and they are many—they have never failed in obtaining the appreciation and recognition so well deserved. It is now twenty-one years since Mr. Keller abandoned his own father-land for ours, and during all that time he has zealously endeavored to amalgamate the American and German elements in his compositions, but, try as he will, the latter still predominates; and even his latest songs, though written to New England words, might easily pass as of foreign birth." Mr. Keller was born at Ulm, in the Kingdom of Würtemberg, March 20, 1813, and came to America in 1846. He studied music under Lindpainter and Molique at Stuttgart, and the celebrated Ritter Von Seyfried at Vienna. For seven years he was band-master in the Third Royal Brigade. After coming to this country he became an orchestral leader in Philadelphia, and conducted both English and German opera in that city successfully. Shortly after the breaking out of the war a prize of five hundred dollars was offered by a committee of gentlemen for the best national hymn. Here was an opportunity for our German-American. His love of liberty had grown with his growth since his arrival in his chosen land, and at this time his patriotism knew no bounds; so it was but natural that he should have felt himself called upon to compete for the prize, or, what was far more precious to him, the *honor* of having written the Hymn of the American nation. Thus it was that the American Hymn had its birth.

Mr. Julius Eichberg was born in the year 1825, and manifested in early life such remarkable musical talent that, through Mendelssohn's recommendation, he was admitted to the Conservatory at Brussels, where, in 1843, he obtained the first prizes in violin and composition. He held afterward the position of musical director in several of the most prominent German opera-houses. His later years, previous to coming to this country, were spent in Geneva, Switzerland, where he officiated as Director of Sacred Music, under appointment of the Consistory of the Church of Geneva. He came to this country in 1856, and has since been living in Boston most of the time, where he has founded the Boston Conservatory of Music, now generally considered the leading Boston music school. Mr. Eichberg has been very successful as a composer of comic operas, and may safely claim the title of the first American operatic composer. His operas, "The Doctor of Alcantara," "A Night in Rome," and the "Rose of Tyrol," have been successfully performed in all the great American cities, and seem to be as far removed from Offenbach's buffoonery as from the pretentiousness of the modern German school.

Mr. Eichberg is also the head teacher of music in the Boston High School, and was last year sent by the city to Europe on a mission to inspect and report every thing connected with musical education in the German schools.

FRANCISCO SERRANO, REGENT OF SPAIN.

## FRANCISCO SERRANO, REGENT OF SPAIN.

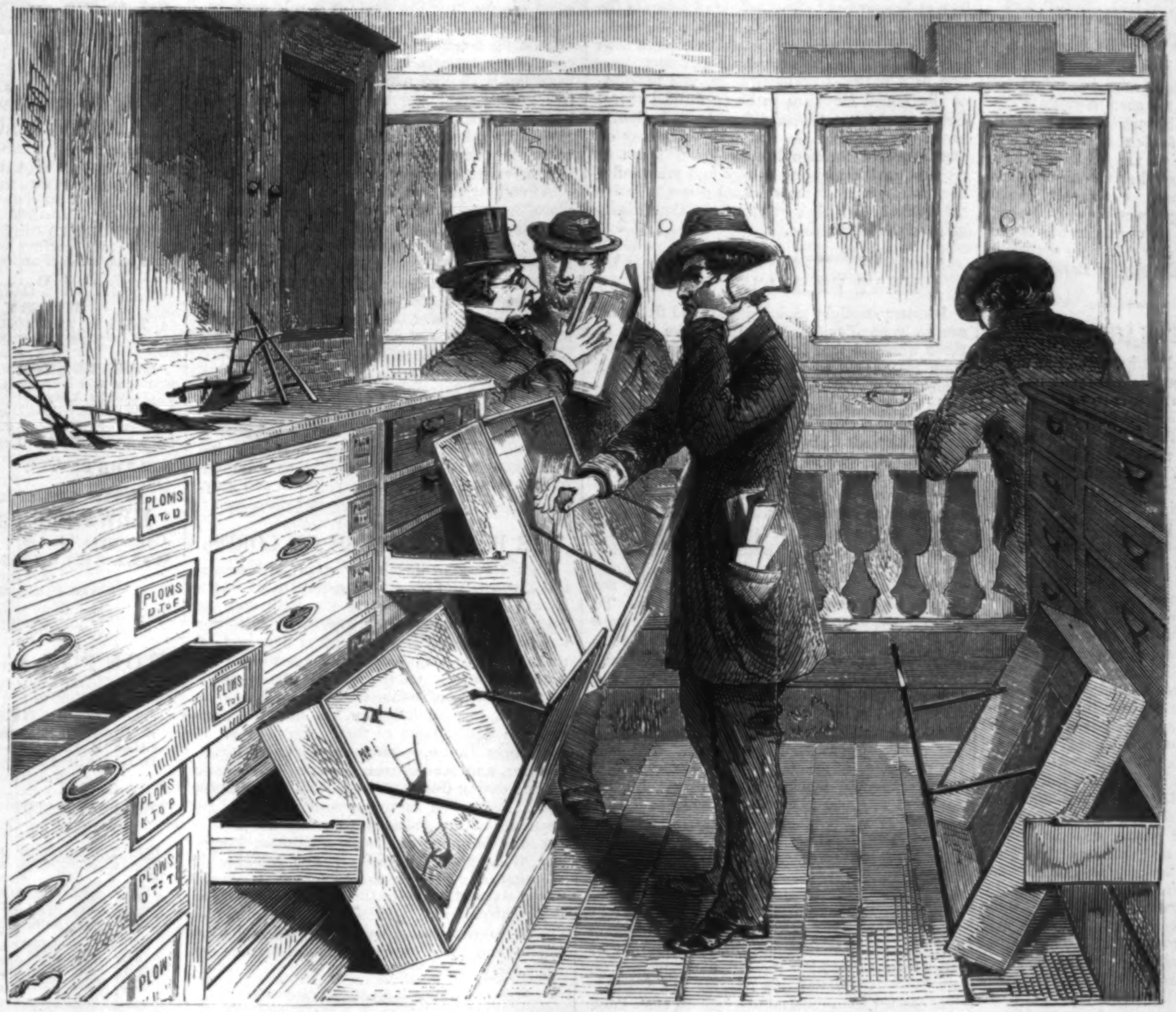
Francisco Serrano, one of the prominent leaders of the late Spanish Revolution, and who at its close became the head of the Provisional Government, has been, by the Cortes, made Regent of Spain. He is a man of over threescore and ten years. He fought in the war of Spanish Independence, and there acquired his early military education. He was opposed to Espartero, and in 1843 contributed to the overthrow of his administration. His influence over the mind of Queen Isabella, shortly after her marriage with the Duke of Cadiz, occasioned some serious difference between himself and the King-Consort. After the fall of M. de Salamanca he became a Liberal; was exiled in 1854; but soon returned to Spain, and supported with considerable ardor the O'Donnell and Espartero administration. When these two entered into conflict he sided with O'Donnell, and was by the latter created Duke de la Torre in 1856. Ever since 1865, when he was made Captain-General of Madrid, he has acted with the party of progress. It is to this party that he owes his present position as Regent of Spain.

The establishment of the Regency in Spain seems to be a kind of compromise entered into between the Monarchists and Republicans. The influence of the latter faction, while it is feeble in the Cortes, is so strong among the people that it was not safe to disregard it. Thus the Provisional Government yields to the Regency, and Spain still waits for her king.

MINOT'S LEDGE LIGHT-HOUSE, OFF BOSTON HARBOR.—Drawn by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 445.]

## THE PATENT-OFFICE.

The Patent-Office, Washington, D. C., was established in 1790. The old office was destroyed December, 1836, by fire, together with all the records, files, models, designs, and documents. Many of these lost records were restored through the exertions of patentees. Since 1836 from the new office there have issued 85,000 patents, and about 75,000 models of patents are to be found in the saloons of the office, and are open to inspection. During the years just following upon the fire a small space sufficed for the uses of the Patent-Office; but now the saloons occupying the upper story of the building are required for models; the draughtsman occupies two large rooms; the library two more; and the files of the patents two more, and will require another soon. Twenty examiners, with forty assistants, are now required to perform the duties formerly attended to by one man. About 320 persons altogether are employed in the office. The receipts are about $700,000 per annum, and far more than cover the expenses of this important department. The number of applications for patents last year was 20,000; of patents issued, 14,000; of *caveats*, 3800. Our illustration shows the interior of the room containing the plans of patents.



PATENT-OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—EXAMINERS AT WORK.—[Sketched by Theo. R. Davis.]

The Commissioner of Patents makes a yearly report to the Secretary of the Interior, which, with its accompanying documents, is published at the public expense.

## MINOT'S LEDGE LIGHT-HOUSE.

We give on page 444 a representation of the Minot's Ledge Light-house, near Cohasset. It is a dangerous locality to vessels making Boston harbor in an easterly storm. The ledge was named after one of the early settlers. The light-houses and light-ships placed there have been successively washed away, before the present structure was built. The last one, destroyed April 16, 1851, was built of iron. It was then determined to build one of stone, like the famous Eddystone Light-house, on the English coast. The work was placed in charge of Captain, now General, Alexander—a distinguished officer in the United States Engineer Department.

The entire masonry, which up to a certain height from the water is a solid mass of stone, was fitted and put together at the yard of the constructor, and then freighted out to the ledge for permanent erection, a matter of no slight difficulty, when it is remembered that the men had to work up to their arm-pits in the water, and scarcely more than a hundred working hours could be secured in a year, the workmen being constantly lifted off their feet by incoming waves and afterward having to be replaced by the boats in attendance. But it was completed, and stands an enduring monument of engineering skill. A more lonely habitation could hardly be imagined, and yet before it was built there were a thousand applicants on the books for the office of light-keeper, of whom two are constantly on duty in the house.

The light-house is a mile and a half from the nearest land, and at low-water the highest part of the rock is bare. The base is 30 feet in diameter, and the whole height of the stone-work is 88 feet. It took two years (1855–1857) to level the foundation bed. Only four stones were laid in 1857.

JUST IN TIME TO BE TOO LATE—A DAILY SCENE AT ANY OF OUR FERRIES.—[Drawn by Thomas Worth.]

## THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT WASHINGTON.

Mount Washington is the highest mountain in New England, rising 6285 feet above the level of the sea. It is one of the eastern group of the White Mountains. Our illustration, on page 441, represents the summit of this peak, and is a picturesque representation of the scene which it portrays. As one ascends the mountain vegetation gradually disappears. Soon only dwarf pines are visible; at length even these disappear, and the only indication of vegetable life is the lichen; upon the top of the mountain the rocks lay absolutely naked to the sky, as shown in our picture.

## ANCIENT MAGIC.

Medicinal plants and herbs were in as much request among the sorcerers of antiquity as they are at this day among the pagans of Asia and Africa. Whoever has not read *Monte Cristo* can have but a feeble idea of the bright elysium into which a preparation of the Egyptian hemp can transport its consumer. Anciently the pagan priests of Syria would subject the senses of temple visitors to ecstatic visions, furnished by the fumes of drugs, and by presenting to their sight pictures or groups artistically disposed would give their thoughts and aspirations whatever direction they pleased. There is every probability that they performed mesmeric operations on them. There are very few processes in charlatanism practiced in our days either in Europe or America which were not known in ancient Egypt, ancient Greece, and ancient Italy.

When the imagination was sufficiently exalted by means of narcotics, it was not difficult to present before the excited and bewildered sense of the patient the image of a departed parent or relative, and bring about communication by means of ventriloquism or the agency of assistants. Savages to this day will bring themselves under the management of their sorcerers, and by means of narcotics, and ghostly music, and violent dances, to the sight and hearing of their dead relatives. The officiating magicians of all these peoples endeavor to preserve their prestige by living apart from the tribe, and showing themselves only on urgent occasions. They are supposed to possess the power of rendering themselves invisible. Occasionally, in the cases of predictions unfulfilled, or cures not effected, punishment is inflicted on the wise man; but if he escapes with life, he regains his former influence sooner or later.

The magicians did not entirely trust to the workings of the imaginations of their clients. They made use, in the language of play-bills, of scenery, machinery, and decorations; and very ingenious and well adapted to their particular purposes these must have been, especially in the catacombs under the Egyptian temples, if Moore's "Epicurean" did not exaggerate what he experienced. The deception by the bowl was thus managed: The postulant was introduced into a room, the ceiling of which was sky-blue. Underneath this room was another, and in the centre of the floor of the upper one was cut a pretty wide aperture. A marble vessel filled with water and provided with a glass bottom was laid over this trap, and when the dupe's awe and terror were sufficiently excited he was desired to look into this vessel. In the lower apartment was visible such god or goddess as he longed yet dreaded to see, under a well-disposed light, and the reflection of the azure ceiling from the surface of the water, gave the idea of the heavenly figure appearing from above.

Glorious or frightful appearances were produced on the walls of darkened chambers by means of phosphorus and chemical preparations, and voices were easily brought to add to the consternation of the consulter, and to his confidence in the wise man's skill and power. The favorite mode of getting up the fearful apparition consisted in making the sketch with inflammable substances, and when the visitor's eyes were expanding in awful expectance, the train was skillfully fired, and the dazzling vision flashed on him. Of course he had been trained to prostrate himself in the presence of the supernatural thing, and the interview was brought to a successful termination through his own awe and the skillful management of the magic showman.

A striking and most imposing scene was sometimes enacted in this wise: In a darkened chamber, in which the applicant was told he would be favored by the sight of a divinity in the guise of a darting flame, the Archimagus thundered out his most awful incantations, and at the decisive moment his accomplice let go a kite carrying a lock of tow well imbued with an inflammable liquid, fire being adroitly applied at the moment of liberation. The poor bird, frightened by the blaze, swept in every direction, while the still more frightened dupe, with face to the earth, was rapt in awe and terror.

It is worthy of mention here that the superstitious and magical rites of the ancients have been practiced even in modern times.

In Morbihan, in Brittany, not very long since, a piece of money would be put into the hand of a corpse before committing it to the earth. In the neighborhood of Mount Jura they endeavored to sanctify the custom by fastening the coin to a cross placed under the head. Thus was Charon's fare perpetuated. Wells, rivers, and trees, once the favorite abodes of goddesses, still possess the peasants' reverence. Offerings long continued to be thrown into rivers, and in some instances images of saints were reverently dipped in them to obtain rain. Pins would be thrown into wells, and at the fountain of St. Elian, in Brittany, a wise woman, after some previous incantations, would perform this ceremony at the request of any one who wished to injure an enemy. Of course she did not do this spiteful thing gratis. The early converted being unable to separate the idea of the local divinity from this or that well, the missionaries were obliged to be content with half measures, and so placed it under the protection of a national or local saint, and appointed devotional exercises to be performed there. These would be at first diligently and piously executed; but in time, and with the decay of piety, the old heathen license would begin to crop up, and it required energy and great influence on the part of the spiritual rulers to revive the spirit of devotion which at one time distinguished the solemnities.

## HEAT FROM THE STARS.

Bright starlight nights and a cold frosty air are so generally associated that there may be those who will find it hard to believe that the stars really tend to warm us. Yet they do, to their degree. If, as we are taught, they are remote suns, they must be great centres of fiery action, and a tittle of their heat must be borne to us with their light-beams. The distances of some of the nearest stars are known; if their temperature in terms of that of our sun could be found, it would be possible to compute the relative amounts of warmth which they and the sun impart to the earth. Conversely, if we could measure the warmth of a star's rays, the temperature of their source could be approximately ascertained, the distance being known; for the diminution by distance follows a simple law. To measure the heat of stars has just now suggested itself as an interesting problem. Of course ordinary thermometers are useless for such a delicate purpose; but the thermo-electric pile, which can be made sensitive enough to exhibit the minutest fluctuations of temperature, comes to the astrometers' aid, and promises them all they want in the matter of instrumental accuracy. By allowing the image of a star formed in the focus of a large telescope—which for the time being becomes merely a great burning-glass—to fall upon the face of a thermo-pile, any heating power in the star's rays will be converted into electricity, and a current will be set up which will deflect the needle of a delicate galvanometer connected with the pile. Some preliminary experiments of this character have been tried independently by Mr. Huggins and Mr. Stone, and each observer has concluded that a measurable quantum of heat reaches us from the brighter stars. How much—what fraction of a Fahrenheit's degree—has not yet been determined, but we shall know it in time. From the smallness of the amount to be measured the operation requires almost inconceivable niceties: the equability of atmospheric temperature requisite to make it certain that the observed effects are due to the suspected cause, and not to variable air currents passing before or within the telescope, can exist very seldom; so the progress of the research will be very slow. Clear nights, by-the-way, are cold, because the absence of cloud permits the earth's warmth to radiate into space. Clouds are blankets that keep in the heat.

## THE DHURUMSALLAH AT SURAT.

The idea of instituting a hospital for animals, however worthy of praise, is not original with the benevolent gentlemen who are said to entertain it for the benefit of the mammalia of this city.

In the city of Surat, on the western coast of the peninsula of Hindostan, such an institution has been in existence for some centuries, and is now very richly endowed by the munificence of the Jain sect, who were its original founders.

The Jains are the sharpest, shrewdest, and, it may be added, in trade the most unscrupulous of all the Asiatic tribes; they are the Quakers of India, and are essentially a trading people; like their Western prototypes, never adopting a military career, their religion forbidding the shedding of blood—indeed, it forbids the slaying of any thing that has once breathed the breath of life. The Jains are therefore vegetarians in the strictest sense of the word. To such an absurd extent is this prejudice carried that a Jain will not destroy the most noxious of reptiles or of insects.

These people have built at Surat an asylum of great extent for decrepit and diseased animals, and to this refuge the inhabitants of the whole district in which it stands are invited to send all the worn-out horses, bullocks, dogs, etc., which would otherwise be killed by their owners when the days of their utility had passed.

The Dhurumsallah is of great extent, covering many acres of ground, surrounded by a lofty wall. Here are trees, through the branches of which jump and tumble innumerable monkeys, with pea-fowl and parrots of gorgeous plumage screaming answer to the monkey chatter.

A huge elephant, gray with years, and decrepit from wounds received in battle, stands under the shade of a mango-tree on the margin of a tank, whisking the flies from his sides with the branch of a plantain-tree from which he has eaten the more succulent of the leaves. A long, ungainly, wicked-looking brute is the camel standing at his side getting the benefit of the elephantine fly-brush, while under the bodies of both repose, in the double shade, half a dozen dogs of as many different breeds. The Brahminee bull, however, is the animal that receives the greatest amount of consideration in the establishment, each old fellow having his own stall, to which he retires from the heat of day or the dew of night.

It is quite impossible to estimate the number of animals within the walls; in 1848 there were several hundred horses, as many cows and goats, dogs innumerable, many deer, about twenty camels, and seven elephants. All these animals were fed daily, and, strange to say, although there might be occasional quarrels among those of the same species over the food, as a rule each accepted his allotted share without attempting a raid on his neighbor's portion. Dogs, although carnivorous animals, in the Surat Dhurumsallah were never allowed meat, being fed on the native grains, dhal and bajeree, moistened with buffalo butter. Pigs were the only creatures excluded from the benefits of the hospital, and this not by any particular law, but simply by ignoring the existence of any such animals.

As nothing can be killed inside the walls of the place, it may be believed that insect life greatly abounds, and it is said that hence arose, "once upon a time," a source of much tribulation to the amiable superintendent, who, with the enormous revenues of the place, could easily find food for the larger animals, but was sorely troubled at the prospect of the inevitable starvation of the millions upon millions of creeping things that would persist in multiplying so rapidly.

Ram Jat, however, was a man of great resource, as of great benevolence. He hit on a brilliant expedient, combining charity to man and beast. He hired stout, sturdy beggars, at so much per night, to sleep within the hospital walls and surrender their bodies as foraging-ground for the starving cavalry, brown and gray.

## THE BRITISH HOUSE OF LORDS.

The House of Lords, as at present constituted, consists of about 460 members, of whom 15 are minors. Deducting the Irish and the Scotch representative peers and the prelates, the number of hereditary peerages is 389, and of these the large majority are the creations of the present century. Of the barons who responded to the writs of summons issued by Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, six hundred years ago, the descendants of three only now sit in the Upper House. They are Lords Hastings, De Ros, and Audley, the baronies of the two former dating from 1264, and that of the latter from 1296. The surviving peerages which are creations of the fourteenth century are four—viz., the baronies of Camoys, Clinton, Dacre, and Willoughby de Eresby. The peerages of the fifteenth century now represented are seven; of the sixteenth, 12; of the seventeenth, 35; of the eighteenth, 95; and of the nineteenth, 233. On an average more than twenty peers die annually, and three or four peerages become extinct every year.

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